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Sir Anthony Eden drawn by VICKY

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	229
THE COST OF UNIVERSITY LIFE	231
REVOLT IN WEST GERMANY	232
LONDON DIARY. By Flavus	233
DANCING PARTNERS. By Sagittarius	234
THIS ENGLAND	234
THE CONFESSIONS OF HARVEY MATUSOW. By Norman MacKenzie	236
SOVIET REACTIONS. By K. Zilliacus	238
THE NEW DROLLS. By J. B. Priestley	238
EARTH TO EARTH. By Robert Graves	240
SUCCESS THROUGH INDECISION (with caricature by VICKY)	242
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Afterthoughts on "The Midsummer Marriage." By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	243
A New Talent. By T. C. Worsley	244
Two Views. By John Berger	244
Look and Listen. By William Salter	244
The Movies. By William Whitebait	246
CORRESPONDENCE	247
From C. Rajagopalachari; Ian R. Hamilton; Norman D. Lazar; Sir Herbert Read; John Berger; M. Harris; Laurence Pomeroy.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL:	
Ross at the Depot. By V. S. Pritchett	251
PERPETUITY. By I. A. Richards	252
GIVING NAMES. By Elizabeth Jennings	252
REVIEWS:	Page
Satan's Offspring. By A. J. P. Taylor	252
Intent to Defraud. By Francis Huxley	252
To Peace Through Obscenity. By Andrew Wordsworth	254
Air View of the City. By Asa Briggs	254
The Siege of the Ivory Tower. By John Berger	256
New Novels. By Richard Lister	256
One Man's Magic. By Naomi Lewis	257
To America with Love and Hate. By Walter Allen	257
SHORTER REVIEWS	258
WEEK-END COMPETITION	259
CHESS. By Assiac	260
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	260

Putting Politics in the Tea Pot

WHILE the electorate continues to display a cheerfully cynical indifference to their noisy clatter, both party machines are being revved up for the forthcoming election—although its timing still depends entirely on the whims of Sir Winston Churchill. Trusting that Mr. Butler's run of good luck will outlast Sir Winston's leadership, the Tory party managers have already chosen their slogan. "Conservative Freedom Works" shout the posters on the hoardings. Jobs for all, higher pensions, more houses, equal pay and the end of Socialist rationing: what more can the elector demand—except, of course, the tax reductions next April, which will provide the final proof that British business men, once freed from the shackles of control, have created a prosperity in which all can share alike?

Yet strangely enough the voter seems to be as little stirred by Mr. Butler's investment in success as by the challenge to Britain issued two years ago from Transport House. What is really remarkable is the immobility of public opinion since the 1951 election. The phalanx of Labour support may be fraying at the edges, but it has held together despite the weakness of Socialist leadership and the unexpected smoothness of the return to a business man's economy. Unless some completely novel factor intervenes, the next election will be won by that party machine which, in addition to its solid 45 per cent. of the voters, can deliver the marginal percentage needed to shift the balance at Westminster.

It is this immobility of the two parties which explains the importance attached by politicians to the rumpus about the price of tea. If the parties were engaged on a great debate on great issues—the hydrogen bomb, German rearmament, the choice between a planned and an unplanned economy—this rumpus would be forgotten within a week. But on all these important topics party divisions are blurred by a Butskellian bi-partisanship which instinctively rejects as extremism any policy clearly committed to political principle. And the vast mass of the electorate, which has long since taught itself to discount warnings of war or economic crisis, is well content under conditions of full employment to accept this bi-partisanship on everything which matters, and to let the choice of Government be decided on trivial issues. The price of tea is precisely the kind of minor and irrelevant matter which might swing enough floating voters to decide whether it shall be a Conservative or a Labour Prime Minister who will govern the country—with a parliamentary majority insufficient to permit him to make any marked change in the direction of affairs.

Of course, the minority of convinced Tories and convinced Socialists, whose unrewarded voluntary work keeps the two machines going in the constituencies, are disheartened and disgusted by this state of affairs. They would prefer their respective leaders to face the real issues and to stand for great causes, even if this meant unsettling public opinion and so risking defeat at the polls. But theirs is a minority view, condemned as irresponsible not only by the party leaders—who not unnaturally desire office even if it is achieved by the narrowest of margins—but also by the electorate. If party politics have been reduced to a storm in a teacup, that is the clearly implied will of the British people. Except in rare moments of acute crisis we have always preferred our affairs to be mismanaged by Laodiceans, who agree to keep the water lukewarm and to avoid those extreme temperatures which might shock democracy into unpredictable—and therefore unwelcome—activity.

The danger today is that an acceptance of this unedifying trait in our national character will drive Socialists into complete cynicism and tempt them either to give up politics or to succumb to the prevailing tone of triviality. What is needed to revive the Labour Party is the kind of electoral programme which exploits these minor dissatisfactions but also has the courage to expose the issues of principle which lie behind them. What would a Labour Government do about tea? Would it hold down the retail price by means

of a consumer subsidy? Would it restore bulk purchase and offer guaranteed prices to the tea planters of India and Ceylon as well as to British farmers? And if so, how would the next Labour Chancellor find the money as well as that which he will have to provide for Defence and for the extension of the social services to which the Party is pledged? Even the most cynical Party manager must realise that a Labour Government would need answers to these questions which only a minority now worry about.

The Powers and Formosa

Sir Anthony Eden has achieved little by the diplomacy for which he demanded scope in order to deal with the Formosan crisis. Mr. Nehru is clearly right in his view that, since the U.N.'s efforts to secure a cease-fire are aborted, an *ad hoc* conference of the Powers concerned with peace in the Far East must ultimately be held. So far, however, the Foreign Secretary has defeated his attempts at peace-making by rejecting the Russian proposals for a conference, and capitulating to the American demand that, if such a conference were held, it must include Chiang Kai-shek. It is quite unrealistic to imagine that either Peking or Moscow would agree to confer with Chiang. Not merely would his presence at the conference table imply that there are two Chinese Governments, but the Kuomintang "Pretender" is still talking, unrepentantly, of invading the mainland as well as defending, to the last man, the off-shore islands. These are clearly the immediate points of danger; and Mr. Dulles, in his broadcast speech on Wednesday night, went far to confirm fears that Admiral Radford was speaking for the Administration when he encouraged Chiang to believe that the U.S. would join in defending these "forward outposts" of Formosa. The central issue, however, remains—as Mr. Nehru emphasised in Cairo this week—the status of China. Britain has rightly recognised the People's Republic. It is incompatible with this recognition now to call in question China's ultimate title to Formosa. Yet that is precisely what Sir Anthony's "diplomacy" is beginning to imply. There is no chance of a compromise based on temporary neutralisation of Formosa so long as Britain tamely acquiesces in a U.S. line defeating her own declared policy.

Atomic Power

The plan to build twelve atomic power stations will save only five to six million tons of coal annually by 1965. But the true measure of this industrial revolution is the estimate that, twenty years from now, such stations will generate electricity equivalent to the product of forty million tons of coal a year—and at lower cost, both in economic and human terms. Now that nuclear energy has been tamed to peaceful use, we are beginning to harness a source of power which can make the Steam Age seem like prehistory. Without it, in fact, British industry would have made demands for electricity which no amount of effort in the coalfields could have met. Even at the present rate of expansion, this country is likely to need more than three times its present electrical output within twenty years, and the fuel could not have been found save at immense cost by importing coal and furnace oil. If the planned power stations fulfil their promise, if, indeed, British science finds further short cuts and technical advances—such as the expansion of the "breeder pile" programme, which could provide alternative fuel to uranium—then the prospects are virtually unlimited. Yet, so long as strategic demands—an H-Bomb policy, for instance—make claims on fuel supplies and scientists, provision for industry is bound to suffer. Even with the resources released by nuclear energy, it remains true that one cannot slaughter the cow and continue to milk it.

The Chancellor's Amber Light

Coming on top of Formosan developments, Mr. Butler's warning last week-end about the balance of payments, and his promise to check inflation "if necessary," temporarily quietened the exuberance of stock markets. Since the rise in Bank Rate, gilt-edged prices have fallen substantially, and even the boom in Industrials—based partly on last year's bumper profits, and partly on hopes of tax reliefs in the Budget—seems to have lost its impetus. For electoral reasons, of course, Mr. Butler will have every inducement to present a "soft," popular Budget. He will probably have a substantial surplus in hand; and this month's Treasury *Bulletin* shows that industrial output in 1954 was nearly 6 per cent. higher than in the previous year—though the rate of increase seemed to be slowing down in the fourth quarter. On the other hand, the excess of imports over exports has lately been inclined to increase; and the Chancellor may well feel that nothing should be done to intensify the pressure on supplies of purchasing power in this country. This does not necessarily mean a "hard" Budget: correctives to inflation can be applied either by a further rise in Bank Rate, or—perhaps more effectively—by imposing restrictions on the current great growth in hire-purchase transactions. Moreover, even if there were no cut in the standard rate of income tax, Mr. Butler could do a lot to please voters by increased children's allowances.

Colonial Poverty's Results

The riots in Sierra Leone last week-end, in which twenty people were killed and hundreds injured, are one more warning of the fire which burns just below the surface in so many poverty-stricken colonies. In a country in which the cost of living—particularly dear and scarce rice—is about four times as high as it was before the war, infant mortality still has a rate of 116 per thousand, and the average weekly earnings of many labouring workers are as little as a guinea a week, discontent must always be near the surface. The Artisan and Allied Workers Union, with a general membership of over 6,000, the biggest union in the country, is claiming an increase of 10d. a day. The employers have offered 6d. In spite of the correct attitude of the Union in going to the Joint Industrial Council (though not to arbitration), and their firm discipline in sending their members back to work in spite of the riots, it is hardly to be wondered that strong emotions have been aroused. These seem to have been spontaneously directed against the Syrian community, but some organisation is evident in the sabotaging of Freetown's water supply and transport.

NEW YORK

Trade Union Merger

Our New York Correspondent writes: The plan to merge the two large trade union groups, the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organisations, had been under discussion for many years. But the agreement reached at Miami Beach came with unexpected rapidity. A good deal of credit for this goes to Walter Reuther, president of the C.I.O.; he made a number of important concessions in order to bring about labour unity. For one thing, he announced that he would be happy to step aside in favour of George Meany, president of the A.F.L., as head of the combined organisation. He also agreed that the other key post, secretary-treasurer, should go to the current A.F.L. incumbent, William F. Schnitzler. Further, the A.F.L. will control the executive council of the new organisation by a margin of nearly two to one. In addition to the two chief officers, it will have seventeen vice-presidents in that body. The C.I.O. will have ten vice-presidents. It is true that this ratio roughly reflects the present membership strength of the two existing groups—the A.F.L. claims 10,300,000 and the C.I.O. between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000. It nevertheless reflects C.I.O. confidence that their special interests will be respected within the larger organisation.

In fact, the merger agreement envisages a special department, to be known as the Council of Industrial Organisations, which will comprise of the thirty-four member unions of the present C.I.O. The agreement recognises that industrial and craft unions are "appropriate, equal and necessary as methods of trade union organisation." It was this issue that provoked the original split in 1935: At that time the A.F.L. was dedicated to the protection of craft rights. Now, the principle of industrial organisation has gained such wide acceptance within the federation that this presented no real hurdle in the unity negotiations. Where conflicts between member unions exist, the new parent body will encourage—but not force—an effort to work out individual merger arrangements. In addition, the new organisation's constitution will contain a specific declaration that affiliated unions are to respect the established bargaining relations between sister unions.

Ratification of the merger should be completed by the autumn, when the two groups hold their annual conventions. The joint membership of some 15,000,000 should thus be under one banner by the end of the year. It will represent a formidable power—both economic and political. The merger will have no immediate effect on the several million members of the independent unions, so far not affiliated to either group. But it is expected that eventually the pressure will grow on some of them to adhere to the new organisation. The largest of the independents is John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers with 500,000 members, many of whom are organised in the all-embracing District 50, which has locals in a variety of industries unrelated to mining. The next greatest number of unionists are in the railway industries. Some 400,000 are in the four operating railroad brotherhoods. These will become the object of the new group's attentions, as will the independents in the chemical, oil, meat packing and telephone industries.

PARIS

Prelude to Pineau

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Cabinet crisis since the fall of Mendès-France has been aggravated by an unforeseen factor—the new investiture procedure. The changes in the Constitution which were introduced last autumn were designed to ease such crises by reducing the number of votes required for an investiture to a simple majority of the Deputies, and by stipulating that the new Cabinet should be approved by the Assembly at the same time as the Premier. This means, in practice, that about 280 votes (instead of 314) will suffice to invest a Premier; but it also means that the Premier-designate has to form his Cabinet *before* the Assembly vote. This second change has proved disastrous. Hitherto, a Premier backed by 314 Assembly votes was in a strong position to negotiate with the parties over portfolios. Now, however, he is forced to bargain with the *ministrables* entirely on the basis of the votes they can bring him. The result? Only a "candidate of exhaustion" can expect to secure investiture. And in this case there are further difficulties. The Right-Centre bloc unwisely overthrew Mendès-France by a "constitutional majority" (*i.e.*, over 314 votes); if this happens *twice* within any eighteen-month period, the Premier is entitled to dissolve the Assembly. Hence, any Premier, even a weak "candidate of exhaustion," will now be in a position to blackmail the Deputies, since it is known that many *Mendèsiens* are anxious for an early election and will not therefore co-operate in the delicate manœuvre needed to overthrow a Government by less than 314 votes.

Strictly speaking, M. Pinay never even got as far as forming his Cabinet. The choice of M. Pinay as Premier-designate was logical, since he was the central figure in the Right-Centre bloc which overthrew Mendès-France, and a good "European" to boot. Theoretically, then he should have had no trouble in obtaining a majority—the first step towards forming a Government. In practice, however, he was unable to get even this, since the M.R.P., the pivotal party in the Assembly, refused to participate, and this led the Radicals, who are unwilling to allow the M.R.P. to outflank them on the Left, to withdraw their support also.

The object of the M.R.P. decision was, not to strengthen the chances of one of their own candidates, but to conciliate their militants. Having overthrown a popular Left-Centre Government, the Party, it was argued, could not afford to replace it with an undisguised Right-Centre one. In practice, however, there are only two types of Government possible in the present Assembly: a Right-wing Pinay Coalition (with or without Pinay), and a Left-wing Mendès-France Coalition (with or without Mendès). Having rejected the first formula, the M.R.P. tried to realise the second, under the ægis of M. Pflimlin, the M.R.P. Deputy least disliked by the *Mendèsiens*. The refusal of the Socialists to participate, however, scotched this manœuvre; and M. Pflimlin ended up by trying to reconstitute the Pinay majority.

This time, of course, obtaining a majority was not difficult, since the M.R.P. were now in favour. M. Pflimlin, therefore, had merely to solve the second half of the problem—the Cabinet. But here he started off on the wrong foot. He let it be known that M. René Mayer and M. Pinay would be his two principal lieutenants. He thought he could compensate for this Right-wing, "pro-European" bias by publishing a Left-wing and (somewhat) "anti-European" programme. But the Gaullists, convinced that M. Mayer's presence in the Government would mean the enforced resignation of M. Soustelle as Governor-General of Algeria, and furious that only one major Cabinet post had been offered to them, refused their participation. After the refusal of the Gaullists, it was imperative that the Government should secure *all* the Radical votes, and not just the 20 to 30 commanded by M. Mayer. This M. Pflimlin was unable to achieve.

The next step, then, was to try to constitute a genuine Left-centre Coalition (but still without Mendès). This meant calling on a Socialist, M. Pineau, who acts as a bridge between the pro-E.D.C. and anti-E.D.C. groups in his party. And if Pineau's run is short? The wheel may turn full circle and come to rest opposite an Independent again. Meanwhile, the reports are still coming in from North Africa: terrorist outbreaks, reprisals, arrests. . . .

WESTMINSTER

Right or Wrong

The House of Commons which should be the home of mature judgment is, in its assessment of individual Members, often shrewd, often accurate but too often unfair. Members are quick to give a dog a bad name and apt to let him hang with it. A Member can make one injudicious or inaccurate intervention on a major occasion and from then on he is labelled as the man who misled the House. Which is why Reggie Paget is no longer as authoritative on the death penalty as his logic and sincerity would warrant. In 1948, when the issue was last debated, he stated, in a most dramatic speech, that Sir Alexander Patterson, who in 1931 had opposed the abolition of the death penalty on the grounds that the alternative of life imprisonment was infinitely crueller, had changed his mind before he died. He went on to say that he had, in consequence, joined the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Sir Alexander was an authority. His name had been invoked in favour of the death penalty during the debate. Paget's intervention was, therefore, a bombshell which probably influenced votes. Now, although Paget seems to have been correct in his major statement, that Sir Alexander had changed his mind, he was inadvertently wrong on the second, and on balance irrelevant, issue—that he had, on conversion, gone so far as to the Society.

Two days later Paget retracted the minor inaccuracy. But he had been labelled. Although correct in substance, he was unfairly dubbed "the man who misled the House in the death penalty debate." So he will remain. Gwilym Lloyd-George, therefore, who voted for abolition in 1948, and who now as Home Secretary takes the opposite view, was able to explain his aberration towards progress seven years ago with the excuse that he had been "influenced" by Reggie Paget, Poor Gwilym, clutching at a straw.

On the same principle Sir John Kotelawala will never more be taken seriously on tea prices. He happened to be right in saying that the Ceylon tea tax was a tax on producers and not on consumers. He was well on the mark when he said that tea prices in Britain were too high. But he made a minor error in the presentation of his figures. He is, therefore, the man who was wrong about tea. So was the Government in promising that tea prices would not rise after decontrol. They were wildly, irresponsibly, wrong as was hammered home at Question Time on Monday, when not even the fruity voice of Dr. Charles Hill, which has often been used to lend verisimilitude to Whitehall whoppers, could extricate the Government. Pressed by the Opposition, he made the mistake of trying to fight back.

Dr. Charles Hill cannot fight back. He is, basically, a jester who grins, nods, winks and rolls his head and his eyes in a vain attempt to curry favour with his persecutors. But Labour Members forgive neither the political artfulness of his two notorious election broadcasts nor his slipperiness at the Box. So someone will call out "Buffoon," or "Come off it, Charlie," in a voice just loud enough to be heard. And Charlie will lose his temper. I am sure he breathes deeply before entering the Chamber and says to himself, "Now, Charles, do not be provoked." But he always is. His voice thunders. His podgy hands smack the Box. He is terribly, terribly indignant. Then when he subsides again he winks roundly towards his tormentors as though to say "Never mind. It's all over now. Do let's be friends. It is all a game really." But with Dr. Hill at the Box it is not a game. It is a circus.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Cost of University Life

SINCE 1951, when the last adjustments were made in the level of undergraduate grants, costs have risen sharply, and the majority of students have been able to make ends meet only by vacation and, in some cases, part-time work in the evenings and at week-ends. Many of them, indeed, have been experiencing real hardship, and the pressure to meet essential expenses has prevented them from making the most of their university careers. If nothing is done to relieve them, we may soon see either a lowering of academic standards—a fear which makes the university authorities frown on more than two months of vacation work a year—or else a sharp fall in the numbers of students, something that the nation cannot afford if it is to have an adequate supply of trained graduates.

Such anxieties have led the National Union of Students to make a survey of grants and living costs, and no one with any knowledge of the facts will dispute its conclusions. In the first place, there are wide variations in the size of the grants: State Scholarships are awarded under conditions laid down by the Ministry of Education, and though many local authorities, in granting their Major Awards, follow the Ministry's rules, others ignore them. The accident of residence thus affects both a student's chance of getting a grant and the size of it.

The second problem is how to fix the Ministry's own scholarship awards at a satisfactory level. During the economy campaign, grants were cut by reducing the allowances made for maintenance during vacations, thus forcing more students to seek paid work. And the most urgent item in the N.U.S. claim for increased grants is the demand that they should be set at a level sufficient to meet minimum needs throughout the year, so that vacation work can be restricted.

The poorer the home a student comes from the more he looks at his annual income as a whole and not merely as a means of support for term-time: his parents simply cannot afford to clothe him, feed him and keep him in pocket-money

for half the year. But even those who have no vacation problem have to face a substantial increase in term-time costs. Almost all the universities have had to raise residence charges as well as fees, while books, apparatus and, for many Redbrick students, daily travel from their homes, have all gone up in the last four years. The N.U.S. estimate is that the minimum annual expense—travel apart—is £270 at London, and some forty pounds less in the provinces. For Oxford and Cambridge, it suggests a total of between £320 and £360 for terms only, exclusive of tuition, lecture fees and vacation expenses. These totals are approximately £100 a year more than the maximum offered by many local authorities.

Though universities and colleges have done their best to keep costs down, despite the help given by the University Grants Committee they have had to pass on to their students some part of their increased bill for salaries, building maintenance and food. And if standards are to be kept up, undergraduates must be enabled to meet these charges. This means not only larger grants for all-the-year-round support of those with State or local awards, but also a scale for increasing grants still further if costs continue to rise. It is illogical and harmful if the Grants Committee treats the universities with considerable generosity, while the Ministry and local authorities fail to make adequate provision for their students to use their facilities to the full.

There remains, moreover, a wider social problem. We have done something since the war to take the class bias out of university entry. Yet, if the present cost of a university education and the inadequacy of grants fall heavily on working-class students, the burden is also being carried by many middle-class families. Some means test may be necessary, but there are good reasons for thinking that it begins to bite into the cash value of scholarships far too low down the income scale. Full grants are only given by most authorities when the parent's income is below £600 a year—in some cases below £400. This, on present wage and salary rates, is nonsense. No parent with an income below £1,000 can afford much of the cost even of a provincial university, save by desperate skimping, and by putting a psychological and financial strain on his children which they should not be asked to bear. To ask for some contribution is reasonable. But even if grants are raised to meet the immediate need, we shall have to reconsider the whole question of university entry and the means of paying for it.

Revolt in West Germany

(By a Special Correspondent in West Germany)

WHAT is happening in Germany now deserves attention even in a world preoccupied with the Formosa crisis and the Government changes in Paris and Moscow. In one sense, the pattern is confused, disconnected—a sudden 24-hour strike of 800,000 miners and steelworkers over an apparently trifling issue; a "German Manifesto" launched by a few hundred notabilities with no clear status; straw votes and resolutions with no constitutional effect; unaccountable outbursts of violence at political gatherings in odd places; and now, suddenly, the whole country, from Kiel to Munich, alive with packed, passionate mass-meetings. Yet from this confusion one overriding fact emerges: German politics has acquired a new dimension; for the first time since 1930, the masses are astir. There are now two political stages: the nice, well-appointed parliamentary indoor theatre at Bonn, and an enormous open-air scene outside. The *pays légal* is in conflict with the *pays réel*.

The immediate issue is, of course, rearmament. Legally, the issue will be decided on the smaller, indoor stage only, and it will be decided quite soon. At the time of writing, the debates on the Paris Treaties in the Bundestag are scheduled for February 24 and 26, and the Bundesrat will have its say three weeks later. Dr. Adenauer is determined to hustle the Treaties through; the Government majority is ample margin and party discipline is strict; barring hitches, ratification should be complete in a month's time. There is, indeed, a possible stumbling-block in the Saar agreement, over which the Coalition has split, and uncertainties in France might conceivably make the Bundestag postpone the third reading. On the balance of probabilities, however, by the end of March rearmament will be law, and—unless France should decide otherwise again—all will be over.

But will it? If one looks, not at the narrow stage of Bonn but at the larger scene outside, one feels that nothing will be over: the ratification vote will only be the curtain-raiser to crisis—a crisis of conflict between Parliament and people, and in which not only West German rearmament, but the Adenauer Government, and possibly the whole internal structure of the provisional West German State will be at stake. That State—do not let us forget it—has no roots in German history or in the German national will; it is a frail structure brought into being by Allied *fiat* and acquiesced in when the Germans were under the double anæsthetic of defeat and hunger. By ratifying the Paris Treaties, this State will demand from its citizens sacrifices which only a real Fatherland could exact; it will set the precarious authority of a constitution never even sanctioned by an elected body against a national will whose three components are anti-militarism, social discontent, and the demand for national re-union.

The anti-militarism of the post-1945 Germans—both the soldiers of the last war and the post-war generation—has always been underrated. It is far more bitter than the short-lived anti-militarism of 1918-19. The first war never produced a word like "Barras"—an untranslatable term of utter disgust against anything to do with military life and ideology—which now meets one's eye incessantly in wall slogans: "Barras again? —No!" Even after 1918 it would for long have been impossible to raise a German conscript army of any fighting value; for that, fifteen years had to elapse, and a Hitler had to come and apply his potent demagogy. This time, Germans hardly home from prison camps are being asked to put themselves again under the orders of their utterly defeated (but still indescribably complacent) military leaders. It is a fantastic demand, come to think of it—coolly made and hotly rejected.

Ever since the question of German rearmament came up in 1950, the opinion polls have shown an unvarying majority against it among those age-groups who would have to provide the new conscripts. During the E.D.C. years, this opposition seemed at times to slumber, like the idea of German rearmament itself; but it was never dead, and the Paris Treaties have reawakened it to violent life. It is the fiercest and most violent of the mass-feelings now astir in Germany, as one can notice in the present mass-meetings. Military speakers are almost always howled down, often prevented from speaking, and not infrequently roughly handled. A symbolic figure of the present resistance is the war-cripple who, during a riotous election meeting in Bavaria last November, moved up to the speaker, Herr Blank (the unofficial War Minister), and, precariously balancing on his one leg, started belabouring him with his crutch.

The Social-Democratic Party, careful not to close all doors to rearmament in certain circumstances, plays down the anti-militarist theme; but the trade unions give it full rein. With them, anti-militarism is part of a general movement of increasing resistance against the social "restoration" practised by the Bonn Republic. The two things are indeed closely connected. The German officer class, now waiting in the wings, is, in social terms, simply the uniformed section of the propertied aristocracy and *bourgeoisie* of Germany; and the army is, and has always been, the citadel of its class power. Secondly, there is the not unreasonable fear that the cost of rearmament will in the last resort be covered at the expense of social services and working-class living standards. Thirdly, rearmament will bring in its train, as the Government has already cheerfully announced, "a whole bundle of new laws": for instance, a law giving the Government special emergency powers, a law making anti-militarist propaganda a punishable offence, a military criminal code probably re-introducing the death penalty, etc. When the trade unions proclaim that rearmament would mean the end of all democratic development in West Germany, they know what they are talking about. The recent token strike of miners and steelworkers may well portend more to come if last autumn's unanimous trade union resolution rejecting rearmament continues to be disregarded.

Lastly, there is the question of German unity. The slogan "Reunification before Rearmament" is more articulate than anti-militarist and social protests—though it lacks their passion and determination. Even so, it is rallying against Dr. Adenauer's policy many who are normally his followers; it is steadily eroding his electoral support. The pastors and professors, teachers, lawyers and writers, who are now moved to opposition against rearmament for fear that it will perpetuate Germany's partition and make for civil war, are not potential organisers of a general strike or of a military mass mutiny; but they have, many of them, hitherto been leaders of opinion among the bourgeois and governmental mass

NEXT WEEK

Two Special Features

BRITAIN'S DEFENCE DILEMMA

An inquest into the results of the nation's arms programme and a critical survey of current Defence policy.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

Contributions by V. S. Pritchett, Edward Hyams, Anthony Carson, A. J. P. Taylor and Aylmer Vallance.

electorate. Their attitude may prepare the way for a different Coalition, and a different policy. The "German Manifesto," calling for a supreme effort of reunification before rearmament, has united in a common cause the Social-Democrats and the trade unions with large and influential groups in the Churches, the Universities, and the bourgeois intelligentsia—a combination which could restore the Left-Centre Weimar Coalition of 1919, as opposed to the Right-Centre Bonn Coalition of 1949-55. Herr Ollenhauer, who has grown largely in stature in recent weeks, keeps hammering away at one question, to which Dr. Adenauer apparently has no answer: "What harm could it do to negotiate on re-unification now, and what guarantee is there that such negotiations will be possible after ratification?"

Dr. Adenauer, perhaps for the first time in his Chancellorship, is very much on the defensive, and has the worse of the argument. He fights back with spirit, and displays his peculiar, not unattractive, mixture of sprightly obstinacy and dignified flippancy. But the U.S.S.R. and the Western Allies between them have given him a very sticky wicket. When Mr. Molotov offered free all-German elections—saying, with all possible emphasis, that the offer would be withdrawn if rearmament were ratified, and Russia would then integrate East Germany into her military bloc—all that Dr. Adenauer could do was to assert that the Russians do not mean what they are saying. With the Western Allies refusing any negotiations before ratification (wilfully and arbitrarily, in the view of many anxious Germans), and with many authoritative voices in the West hinting they will not be averse to permanent German division, Dr. Adenauer can only say that the Western attitude does not mean what it appears to mean. For the rest, he goes on stolidly to promise re-unification not in spite of, but as the direct result of, West German rearmament. This is a line which is no longer convincing even the convinced, and is beginning positively to estrange his supporters.

The fact which is now dawning on many Germans who have hitherto followed Dr. Adenauer is that German divisions, even if they could be delivered, would not now give the West sufficient superiority on land to make the Soviets retreat before an implied military threat. Moreover, the development of hydrogen bombs by both sides has made diplomacy by military pressure (implied or open) obsolete, in any case—in Europe, at least. Dr. Adenauer's repeated argument that it will be possible to "talk reason" with the "realistic" U.S.S.R. as soon as German rearmament has convinced them of the invincible Western military superiority, rings hollow now. But this does not change Dr. Adenauer's remarkable determination to go on without looking at the thinning ranks of supporters on his Right and the gathering storm on his Left. He has his parliamentary majority, which he still rules with an iron hand. And so the conflict deepens.

How can it be resolved? There are two possibilities. One is that ratification will in the end fail in France, and that this will provide time for second thoughts in London and Washington. The other—more remote, but no longer unthinkable—is that, despite Dr. Adenauer's iron rule, the Free Democrats, the Refugee Party, and a part of his own Christian Democrats will gradually be infected by the mood of their electors and will desert him when it becomes clear that rearmament is barring the road to re-unification. This would make possible an orderly and constitutional change of Government in Bonn—from the "Bonn Coalition" to the "Weimar Coalition," from Adenauer to Ollenhauer.

All other possibilities are explosive. If the Paris Treaties are executed, they will not only produce an enormous tension between the two Germanies, but, on present showing, also, in one form or another, a head-on clash between the anti-militarist Left and the militarist extreme Right in West Germany. The Bonn Republic could hardly survive, as at present constituted. West Germany would probably become either a Socialist or a Fascist State. In either case there would be a danger of world war by accident. The Paris Treaties, for which Sir Anthony Eden got the Garter, were supposedly intended by their begetter to create "positions of strength" in France and Germany, and to solidify the positions of M. Mendès-France and Dr. Adenauer. They have overthrown Mendès-France; they have weakened Dr. Adenauer, and may still end by bringing him down, too. A still more depressing thought is that the first strong anti-militarist movement in Germany since 1918 finds no official support in Britain.

LORELEI: "*Ach, can I have lost my sex-appeal?*"

London Diary

WHEN George Wigg, M.P., that shrewd observer, returned last October from a visit to the Soviet Union, I well remember his comment, characteristically unexpected, that the most important piece of information he had gained was news of the visit of Krushchev and Bulganin to Peking. I've a hunch that last week's Government changes in Moscow are going to prove him right, and that it is in the Far East that the effects of the new policy will first be felt. Up to now, visitors to China have usually reported a noticeable lack of enthusiasm among the Chinese leaders for too close an embrace from the Russian bear. Soviet policy, on its part—and notably at the Geneva Conference—has stopped far short of automatically involving itself in all Chou En-lai's activities in South-East Asia and the China Sea. This slight gulf between the two Communist Great Powers has not been lost on the West. British policy has for some years aimed at driving a wedge between Peking and Moscow, while U.S. strategy has been based on the proposition that, in the last resort, a limited war against China would be possible. Indeed, an informant who has had access to those protagonists of preventive war, Admiral Radford and General Twining, tells me that their appreciations have been based on the specific calculation that Russia would not risk world war to help China. After the speeches, during the last ten days, of Molotov and Bulganin and Chou En-lai and even Mao Tse-tung himself, I hope that nobody in the West still harbours this illusion. I dare say Soviet influence on Far Eastern policy will still tend to urge caution on the Chinese; but it is clear that the new regime has entered into an overriding commitment to stand with Peking in all eventualities and against all comers. I should now like to be reassured that the preventive war lobby in Washington understand that their calculation has been falsified. And someone had better start working out the answer to the problem of what

happens when the other fellow also decides to negotiate only from strength.

* * *

In trying to assess Mr. Malenkov's future as an insurable risk, I was struck last week, as others must have been, by what seemed the final indignity in his resignation letter. Lack of Ministerial experience is one thing; it is, to be sure, an unusual confession from a Prime Minister, but it is not in essence either improbable or particularly undignified. But "responsibility for the unsatisfactory state of affairs which has arisen in agriculture"—in the circumstances, humiliation could surely go no further. For everybody knew that agriculture was Krushchev's special concern. Well, everybody seems to have been wrong. Inquiries I have been making from a particularly well-informed Communist source suggest another explanation. Each of the Soviet State Ministers who is also a member of the Politburo may carry as a Party member another responsibility (different from that of his Ministry) inside the Politburo; and Malenkov, Chairman of the Council of Ministers in his capacity as a State official, seems at the same time to have been responsible, within the Politburo, for agriculture. Krushchev, as General Secretary, was often called on to make public pronouncements on this, the most important of the Party's preoccupations. But to the assembled Supreme Soviet delegates, Malenkov's acceptance of responsibility for agricultural policy would have seemed absolutely normal and obvious. So, at least, I am told; and the explanation makes sense. Moreover, it fits, as I now recall, the case, equally inexplicable at the time, of Anna Pauker, who, as Foreign Minister in Rumania, had to carry the can for agricultural unrest at the time of her disgrace.

* * *

My own feelings about Horror Comics are, I daresay, pretty much the same as those of most other people. I urgently desire to suppress the filthy publications which manage, under the guise of adventure, to insinuate sadism and perverted sex. At the same time I hesitate to agree to anything which gives the policeman and the Treasury Solicitor any further power to censor what I read. With these two conflicting sentiments in mind, I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Lloyd-George's Children and Young Persons Bill makes nearly the best of a job which can't be done perfectly. In two important respects, I think it could be improved. As it is now drafted, it appears that the courts would still be able to exclude, as they do at present, expert evidence on the artistic quality or the likely effect of the offending publication. Could it be that under this Bill the paintings of Goya, say, or Hogarth, might receive from the Swindon magistrates the same treatment as *The Decameron*? The Bill, as it stands, also perpetuates the unsatisfactory practice by which any malicious or unbalanced member of the public can apply for a summons or for a warrant of arrest or search. This seems to me to be particularly objectionable in its context, as the Bill specifically gives power to a policeman, when seizing a publication which has been actually complained about, to seize also "any other work which he has reasonable cause to believe" might be a harmful publication. I am sure that the Commons can improve this Bill. But it is, on the whole, an ingenious attempt to isolate the problem of the Horror Comic (including the imported ones) and to solve it without adding seriously to the hazards with which society already torments the artist; and unless some such measure receives the approval of Parliament, we must recognise that the problem is going to remain unsolved.

* * *

It is in some ways a pity that last week's parliamentary debate on the Report of the Gowers Commission should have developed into little more than a further discussion on the straight issue of abolishing capital punishment. Not that I blame Mr. Silverman and his colleagues for turning to such good account the opportunity which the occasion offered them; they would indeed have been untrue to their cause had they done otherwise. Yet the fate of their amendment was scarcely in doubt (this reform will never, I think, come under a Tory Government); and their eloquent and cogent arguments largely diverted the House from the main recommendations of the Royal Commission. The real issue now is the one raised by Mr. W. R. Rees-Davies, M.P., in a letter to *The Times* this week: since abolition is rejected by the Commons "what action should now be taken to remedy any defects in the law relating to murder?" Mr. Rees-Davies himself favours the Scottish doctrine of "diminished responsibility" rather than the Royal Commission's recommendation to vest discretion as to the death penalty in the jury. This is all highly debatable, but, in all probability, it will not now be debated. The Gowers Report says in effect: "The task of reforming the law (short of abolishing capital punishment) is very difficult. Here are our suggestions. We believe you must either accept them, or else go for outright abolition." In the event, the House of Commons has risen to that challenge by rejecting abolition and refusing any serious discussion of the Royal Commission's alternative proposals.

* * *

The tale of Colonel Scotland's visitation from the Special Branch and the seizure of his documents once again lifts a corner of the security veil which covers the London Cage—that sombre building near Notting Hill Gate where, during the war, very important prisoners were subjected to very special methods of interrogation. I have not seen the manuscript of Colonel Scotland's book, publication of which has been banned by the War Office. It is, of course, possible that it betrays top-secrets which, even at this stage, could imperil the military security of Britain. But I doubt it. For one thing, Colonel Scotland is far too old a soldier (he is seventy-two and has served at one time and another in both the British and German armies) to count on getting away with that one. Moreover, he had stated publicly that the classified documents in his possession were Confidential and not Secret. No; the real trouble, I suspect, is that any reference to the London Cage is politically embarrassing to the Government at the present time. To the best of my knowledge, the methods used there did not depend, to any great extent, on physical brutality. The interrogations were cruel in a different sense. They were relentless, almost interminable, psychologically calculated to confuse, to trip, to needle, to nag, until, in the end, a man would break before the spiritual and emotional storm which his brilliant interrogators had stirred in him. Methods, in fact, embarrassingly similar to those which are used to extort high level confessions in other parts of the world. I hold no particular brief for Colonel Scotland or his book. But if this is indeed the reason for its suppression, it is a nauseating example of Cold-war humbug. In any case, Goronwy Rees has already painted a moving and remarkably realistic picture of these interrogations in his novel *Where No Wounds Were*. If Colonel Scotland succeeds this time in escaping the tentacles of the Official Secrets Act, I recommend him to try his luck in fiction. It is less dangerous than fact, and can be equally true.

FLAVUS

DANCING PARTNERS

"Will you move a little faster?" said Coty to Pineau,
"Your list of dancing partners I can hardly wait to know;
One week has now been wasted since the fall of Mr. France,
While Socialists and Gaullists declined to join the dance—
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you lead the dance?

"The Pinay double shuffle was early doomed to fail,
And Pflimlin, close behind him, was treading on his tail,
Then M.R.P. and Radicals were ready to advance,
But Gaullists and Conservatives refused to join the dance—
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance."

Pineau at once admitted how delightful it would be
To demonstrate the *pas seul* that had tripped up M.R.P.;
His team of nimble Socialists were eager for the chance,
But would Radicals and Gaullists agree to join the dance?
They might thank Pineau kindly but decline to join the dance.

Will Independent Deputies let Pineau take the floor?
Will the dancing Coalition fall to pieces as before?
(The further from the Centre, the nearer Mr. France).
Although Pineau may have a go he may not lead the dance—
Can he, can't he, can he, can't he, can he lead the dance?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
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A scheme to let pitches at Chislehurst Caves at a rent of £1 a year to people who want to book places of safety in case of war is planned by Mr. Geary Gardner, owner of the caves. The pitches, about 10ft. by 8ft., would accommodate a family, and it is proposed to allocate space for about 1,000 of them.—*The Times*. (J. Madgwick.)

Racing keeps politicians in sympathy with popular feeling. Would not Mr. Attlee warm the cockles of more hearts if he owned a horse, or at any rate a greyhound?—*Sunday Times*. (N. C. Newman.)

A 13-year-old boy who started a circulating library of horror comics in his school has lent his collection to Blackburn Teachers' Association for an exhibition that opened in Blackburn yesterday. The exhibition is intended to persuade parents to stop their children reading horror comics.—*News-Chronicle*. (J. G. D. Walker.)

Children are stealing globular lampshades in the new Parkway subway, Cranford, Middlesex, for use as space helmets.—*Daily Mail*. (L. Pilpel.)

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The Confessions of Harvey Matusow

For nearly four years, from 1950 to 1954, Harvey Matusow was a key figure in the American witch-hunt. He was one of the most eager and useful of the "professional witnesses," who have been used as a kind of travelling circus at court trials and Congressional hearings, and have worked as paid auxiliaries to McCarthy, McCarran and the Republican extremists. The U.S. Government has relied upon their evidence to secure convictions, and, with the help of the press, has made the ex-Communist informer a kind of contemporary folk-hero, though many Americans have distrusted such witnesses, and deplored the way they have been used.

Now comes the sensational recantation of Matusow himself. Two weeks ago, he told a press conference in New York that he had lied in a number of important cases, and at the same time he filed affidavits admitting perjury in the trial of thirteen Communist leaders and in securing the conviction of a union organiser in Texas. Matusow has also written his confession in an unpublished book, *False Witness*, of which I have just read a manuscript copy. Even now, of course, he may not be telling the whole truth; the twisted motives that drove him to seek fame as an informer may still be prompting him to seek new sensations by being the first to repent. But he has decided to put that to the test of the courts; the Internal Security sub-committee of the Senate is also going into the case. Yet the startling feature of this book, apart from its factual revelations about the witch-hunt, is the self-degradation that it describes, its picture of the dung-heap in which the informer flourishes.

Matusow was the son of a cigar-merchant in the Bronx. When he came back from the war, he felt that he was only one more of ten million veterans. In the slick psychoanalytical phrases he uses to explain his behaviour, he says that he "wanted identity . . . to be somebody," and for a short time he found in the Communist Party the sense of "belonging" that the Army had given him. He was soon disillusioned. In February, 1950, he made his first contact with the F.B.I., on his own initiative, and he was soon supplying it —in return for $70 a month—with reports of C.P. meetings, and names and addresses of his comrades. In 1951, the C.P. expelled him as "an enemy agent": the F.B.I. now says it had dropped him as "unreliable" in 1950. Still seeking "security," he took advantage of the Korean War to join the Air Force, but behaved so suspiciously that he was distrusted, and driven to the point where he was ready "publicly to crucify anyone in order to get myself away from that bleak wall of insecurity." Friends advised him to approach the Un-American Activities Committee —a scheme that enabled him to get his discharge from the Air Force and start his career as a witness—and before long he had landed a job as an "expert investigator" for the Ohio Un-American Activities Commission. For a salary of $300 a month, he supplied information on union and "peace" meetings, acted as an *agent provocateur* on occasion, and collaborated with the personnel departments of large companies in the area.

By this time, Matusow writes, he was anxious to rise in "this good racket." But, as he realised when he tried to sell his story to the Hearst press, ex-Communists were getting common; he had to have "a new gimmick" to compete with the big names like Elizabeth Bentley ("the spy queen"), Herbert Philbrick ("I led three lives for the F.B.I."), and Louis Budenz ("reclaimed by the Church"). Matusow, still in his early twenties, decided that he could best specialise in "Communist Youth" and, since he had sold Party books, "Communist Writers." After hitting the headlines on his first appearance before the Un-American Activities Committee, he was able to become a "consultant." A college president wanted information on campus Communists; the Superintendent of New York City Schools, Dr. William Jansen, enlisted his help in uncovering Communist teachers; and he was working for *Counterattack*, the tip-sheet run by former F.B.I. agents. This publication, run in association with American Business Consultants, was, Matusow asserts, originally started with some help from Alfred Kohlberg, the well-known China Lobbyist, and its speciality has been to denounce alleged Communists working in films, theatre, radio and the rest of show business. Through American Business Consultants, it has drawn large fees from companies prepared to pay for "Communist protection service." Matusow tells two revealing anecdotes about this period. The catcher of the New York Yankees was due to appear in a show with a comedian alleged to have Communist sympathies. To force the comedian out of the show, Matusow made seventeen phone calls to the Yankees' office, using assumed voices, protesting against the association of his favourite catcher with a Communist. The comedian was forced out of the show. On another occasion, the singer Rosemary Clooney was kept out of a programme because "she was dating Jose Ferrer, who was a controversial figure, listed in *Red Channels*." This book has been the main "blacklist" used in smearing alleged Communist writers and entertainers.

Matusow alone knows how many reputations he helped destroy by what he now admits are lies and fabrications. Some of his work, however, is on the public record. He appeared at the McCarran inquisition of Owen Lattimore to testify that the Communist Party commended Lattimore's books because they gave "the line on China," and that he sold these books for the Party: "once again I told a complete falsehood." He was carefully coached by Roy Cohn—then a Government lawyer—for his appearance as a prosecution witness at the trial of the "second-string" Communist leaders, and together they worked over the theory of "Aesopian language": whatever the Communists said, they meant the opposite. Above all, Matusow managed to work into his testimony an essential passage "proving" that he had discussed Vyshinsky's book on Soviet Law with one of the defendants—essential because the prosecution needed to quote a passage from the book about the overthrow of government by force or violence. Matusow, in his affidavit, now accuses Cohn of suborning perjury, because he knew that the testimony was false. It is on this direct challenge, indeed, that Matusow's present allegations may most quickly be tested.

From then onwards, Matusow found himself much in demand. He volunteered to help McCarthy in his 1952 campaign for re-election, and toured Wisconsin speaking for him; after a visit to Utah to testify in a McCarran Committee inquiry into the Left-wing Mine, Mill and Smelter union—a stunt designed to help Senator Watkins' election chances there—Matusow went on a speaking tour of Montana and Washington, both States where Republican extremists were facing defeat in Senate contests by liberal Democrats. His description of this tour gives a fascinating insight into the way political hysteria is organised: by this time, Matusow was denouncing as "Communist-infiltrated" such varied bodies as the Boy Scouts, Columbia Broadcasting System, the Y.W.C.A. and the "Voice of America." When he claimed that there were 126 Communists working on the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*, the Alsop brothers pointed out that the staff was less than 100. Matusow replied: "It takes the U.S. Government about a year in time and about two or three million dollars to convict known Communists. How do you expect me to prove that secret Communists are Communists?"

Matusow had managed to work his way into the inner circles of McCarthyism. He was an intimate of the Senator, and he married, divorced and remarried a wealthy woman who had helped finance the McCarthyite campaigns—an extraordinary marriage straight from a piece of magazine fiction. He was also working hard as a professional witness, though he now had all the money and comforts he craved. There are moments when his story becomes a farce. While Matusow was appearing as a witness in El Paso by day, by night he was working as a comic in a café across the Mexican border in Juarez. And he tells the strange story of convincing the Texas Rangers that underground Communists often gave themselves away by humming or whistling a tune, and so solemnly recorded for the authorities a set of "subversive melodies."

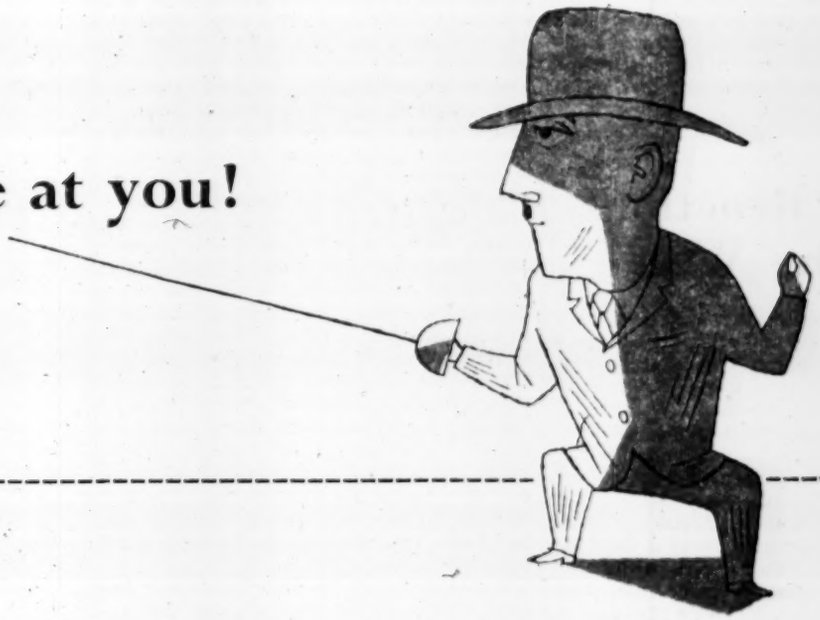
When McCarthy began his search for Communists in the "Voice of America," he again used Matusow as a witness. But the informer was beginning to find "increasing discontent and bitterness" in his career—and his marriage was finally breaking up. He claims that the "Voice" inquiry was the turning-point, when he realised—as he wrote to McCarthy—that his life was "twenty-seven years of being a coward and being dishonest." He wrote in his diary:

> At first it was a strange feeling to see my picture and name in the newspapers, but then, like a dope addict, I began to crave for it . . . publicity and more publicity, a never-ending chain that only brings more and more dishonesty.

Soon afterwards, Matusow refused, for the first time, to testify in an investigation. "I underwent," he now writes, "what I felt was a religious experience . . . looking for a place to hide and peace of mind," and he went to Bishop Bromley G. Oxnam, saying that "I wanted to undo some of the harm I had done." Still unsure of himself, he did testify twice more at the beginning of last year—against the Council of American Soviet Friendship and the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. And when Bishop Oxnam reported to the Un-American Activities Committee that Matusow had come to him and admitted perjury, Matusow denounced the Bishop as "a dishonest man." Immediately afterwards he repented. Now, in an emotional passage that recalls Whittaker Chambers looking at his children and deciding whether to commit suicide or go on with the Hiss case, Matusow tells how, after this final apostasy, he played with some children in the airport lounge and realised that "I had been helping to create a system in this country whereby these children and those to come would no longer be free to inquire as to things, places and people."

Psychologists may explain why Matusow has come full circle; the courts may decide how far to believe him now. But his confession cannot fail to help discredit the informers, the hate-mongers and the careerists who have used lies and hysteria to corrupt opinion, harry dissenters and twist justice to their own dirty ends. "Stool pigeons as a class," wrote the Baltimore *Sun*, "are to be despised and not to be trusted." His book implicates the Department of Justice as deeply as the witch-hunters in Congress: both

Have at you!



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went on using him as a witness long after the F.B.I. claims to have discarded him. This, Matusow says, is the kind of man I was. And this is the kind of man who has destroyed reputations, sent men and women to jail, driven some to suicide and helped create the fear which paralyses American politics.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Soviet Reactions to the West

WHEN Western commentators depict the changes in the Soviet leadership as the result of a personal struggle for power, they miss the plain connection between the return to a tough line in both domestic and foreign Soviet policy, and the West's attitude toward the U.S.S.R. since the death of Stalin. Yet this connection is familiar: it is part of a recurring pattern.

Originally the Bolsheviks were "Westerners" and modernisers, revolutionary Social Democrats who believed in the withering away of the State in a Socialist society. Two factors have shaped and conditioned the Soviet regime from these very different beginnings into what it is today—(1) the traditions and character of the Tsarist Empire and, (2) the impact of the capitalist world, particularly the Western Powers. In the Soviet Union, as elsewhere, the political centre of gravity rests in home affairs. But again and again the international situation has determined which of various contending domestic policies prevailed.

First, the West resorted to armed intervention to crush the revolution. "Intervention," wrote Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, in his *Memoirs of a British Agent*, "intensified the civil war and sent thousands of Russians to meet their deaths. Indirectly, it was responsible for the Terror. Its direct effect was to provide the Bolsheviks with a cheap victory, to give them new confidence, and to galvanise them into a strong and ruthless organism." In the beginning, he explains, the Bolshevik regime was fairly tolerant. "The cruelties which followed later were the result of the intensification of the civil war" for which "Allied intervention . . . was largely responsible."

In the Twenties the Soviet Government's appeal to the League of Nations to help it combat the pandemic of typhus, and the famine following upon the great drought, met with a mean and hypocritical response. Chicherin's offer in 1922 at the Genoa Conference to enter the League of Nations and to allow Western capitalists to take up concessions in the Soviet Union was spurned. The Bolshevik dream of international economic planning in co-operation with the first Labour Government was shattered by Ramsay MacDonald's demand for the repayment of Tsarist debts. These events helped to ensure the victory of Stalin and of the tougher, more nationalist and Russian part of Lenin's heritage, over the "Westerners" and internationalists.

In the early Thirties, when the capitalist world split into the aggressive Fascist powers and the apprehensive democracies, the C.P.S.U. leaders, after much heart-searching, decided to seek alliances with the Western democracies in order to halt Fascist aggression. The Soviet Union entered the League of Nations for that purpose. Kirov, at that time Secretary of the Leningrad Committee of the Party and a member of the Politbureau, was a great favourite of Stalin and looked upon as his successor. He and Maxim Gorki persuaded Stalin that the time had come to democratise the regime, by reconciling the opposition in the Party, enlisting the active co-operation of public-spirited citizens not in the Party, and adopting a democratic constitution. The revolution, they said, had won: there were only remnants of enemy classes left, and they were no longer dangerous. On the other hand, they wanted the maximum of unity to face the danger abroad. To this Kirov added the very interesting argument that democratising the Soviet regime would make it easier to co-operate with the Western democracies.

The assassination of Kirov by a minor member of the Opposition stopped these promising developments: instead of being reconciled, the Opposition were liquidated in the great purges. Nevertheless, the "Western" orientation in foreign policy persisted through a mounting series of rebuffs until Munich. In that period, the Chamberlain Government ignored increasingly sharp warnings from Stalin that, if they went on appeasing the Fascist powers and procrastinating about a Soviet alliance, the Soviet Government would have to make other arrangements. Finally, they did. Litvinov was demoted to Fifth Assistant Foreign Secretary; Molotov took his place, and Stalin concluded his friendship and non-aggression pact with Hitler.

During and after the war, there was a widespread belief in the Soviet Union, that, once victory had been won and the worst difficulties of reconstruction had been surmounted, the regime would become milder and the Soviet peoples would enjoy the full application of the 1936 Stalin constitution, which had so far remained on paper. This belief assumed that the war-time allies would be partners in peace. When it became clear that the American and British Governments regarded the Soviet Union and the Communist and Socialist parties in the People's Democracies as potential enemies, the belief faded and vanished. The change came in 1947. The founding of the Cominform in October of that year was the outcome of the proclamation in March of the Truman Doctrine of anti-Communist containment and intervention. The Soviet Government began to draw together its allies and speed up their advance to Socialism. The regimes in Eastern Europe ceased to be broadly based Communist-led coalitions and became straight Communist dictatorships.

The driving force behind these developments was the search for strength and solidarity against what was regarded as the growing menace from the West. Ever since the Thirties, indeed, the argument used in the Soviet Union for the State becoming stronger instead of withering away, and for all the purges and policing, has become the external danger. Malenkov, it seems, thought the West might listen to reason and respond to a conciliatory policy. He made several minor concessions and friendly gestures. He cut the Defence budget by £800 million. He kept pleading for conferences and talks. At home, he paid attention to producing more and cheaper food and consumer goods. He amnestied many thousands of prisoners, curbed the police, and loosened the grip of the Party on science and art. Western statesmen regarded all this as signs of weakness, remained intransigeant, and dismissed Soviet warnings about German rearmament as mere bluff. They were not bluff. The Soviet Government has come round to the Anglo-American view that it is necessary to "negotiate from strength." So they are going all out to build up positions of strength, by drawing closer their alliances in the East and West, putting an extra £1,000 million on the Defence budget, and building up the armaments and industries of their allies. Internally, the period of relative mildness in the regime is likely to end.

The facts bear out what common sense suggests: cold war makes Communist regimes tougher, not more conciliatory. The more we arm, the more they arm. The more obvious the Western "line-up," however defensive its professions, the closer grow the bonds between Moscow and Peking.

K. ZILLIACUS

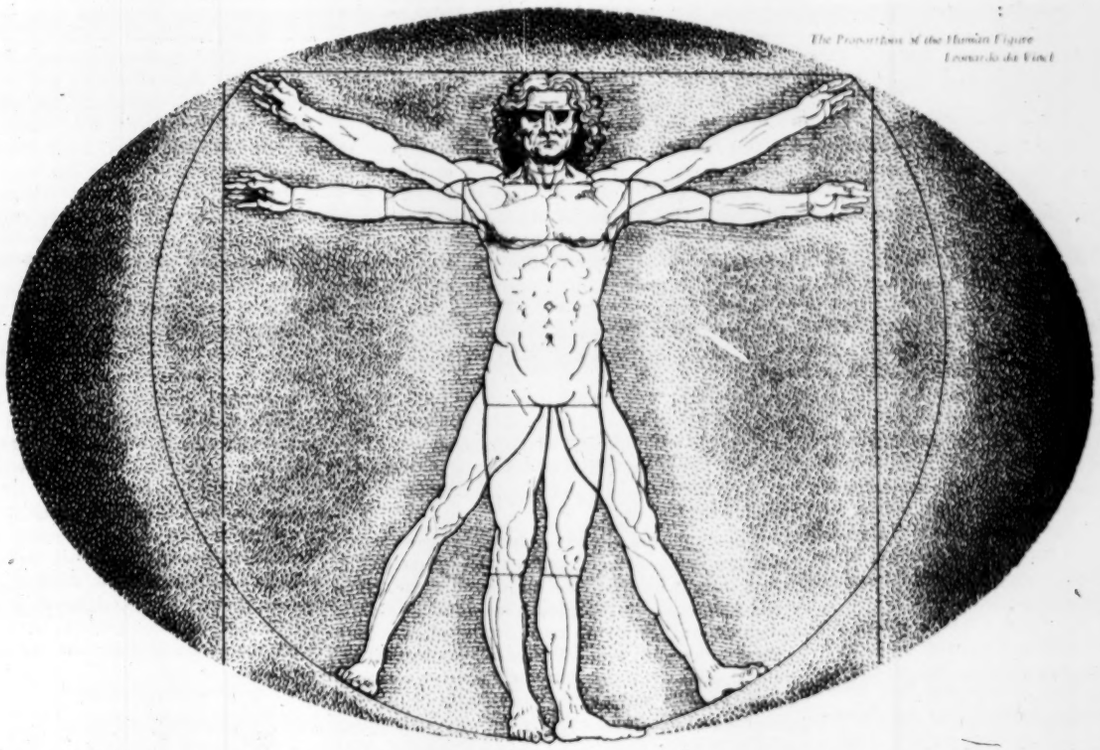
Thoughts in the Wilderness

THE NEW DROLLS

EVER since I used to sit, as a lad, in the fourpenny balcony of the Empire, Bradford (which was known in the profession as the "comedians' grave"), I have been a collector and connoisseur of drolls, clowns, zanies. About thirty years ago I contributed a series of studies and appreciations of comedians to what was then a very stately morning paper. (It was I, in these columns, who wrote a tribute to Sid Field.) But the comedians I described in the middle Twenties, unlike the star performers of today, had reached the top only after years of either concert party work or provincial music hall tours. The old music halls were a matchless training ground. The fellows we watched from that fourpenny balcony (and there was a twopenny gallery behind us), as we sat on benches about six inches wide, packed closely together by experts at the job, had to be good—or God help them. Night after night, year after year, the old comedians worked away, getting an instant grip on those tough critical audiences, bringing their acts nearer and nearer to perfection. Just as a lion-tamer must have at least one lion, so a performer must have an audience, there in front of him; an act cannot be perfected except in the constant presence of a paying public, preferably from the North, where they want their money's worth.

Now the new droll who has natural ability and a genuine odd personality goes whizzing up to stardom in a few years. One really successful TV or radio series can put him up there. Then he will be paid hundreds of pounds a week to appear on the stage, not necessarily because he is thought to be funnier on the stage than on the air (though he should be), but because managers know that hundreds of thousands of his B.B.C. fans will want to see him in person. The result is that our most successful light entertainment is now dominated by these new stars from the B.B.C. who have risen since the War. So let us take a look at some of them, bearing in mind that these men are now important public figures. Humour is a very personal taste; but I will try, as if still endeavouring to please the examiners of my youth, to give reasons for my choice.

Jimmy Edwards has been extremely successful, both on the air and on the stage. He is fortunate in having a radio programme, written by two excellent wits, that provides him with some good foils and is economic in its use of material. (The nightmare of radio comedy is its appalling consumption of material.) He is a bustling, larger-than-life comedian, with an engaging informal style on the stage, an air of doing charades for us; never suggesting an actor, but rather a certain type of schoolmaster one used to know, the type that in anger would threaten to go out of its mind; and Jim, one may say, has done it and gone. Frankie Howerd, who is much funnier on the stage than he is in radio, is best as a kind of desperately worried zany, who arrives to do some-



The Proportions of the Human Figure
Leonardo da Vinci

Man is the measure of all things—

PROTAGORAS (B.C. 481-411)

We live in an age of great organi-sations; can we also live in one of great individuals? To reconcile the technical achievement of modern society with the dignity of the men and women who compose it is the problem of our time. To reach a solution we must first be certain of the aim we set our mammoth communities and world-wide corporations; when the last superlative has been uttered, the test must be the same — how far they contribute to the happiness, understanding and liberty of the ordinary man.

The real measure of a modern industry is its power to preserve our human values while adding to our material heritage. Man is not just another factor in the productive chain — he is the reason for its existence.

ESSO

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thing he never gets done, just because he is suspicious of the management, the other performers, and wonders how soon he can get rid of the astonishingly stolid lady at the piano. There is about him almost a feminine fussiness; he reminds us of some despairing hostesses. He does not need witty material. Either you find his stage personality very funny itself, as I do, or do not like him at all.

Another despairing but different type is Tony Hancock, a very clever performer, owing more to art than to nature. He comes on all smiles and confidence, to recite, to sing, to dance, but is quickly reduced by the malice of circumstance, aided by a strange blank stooge who is the very image of no enthusiasm, to a gasping, pitiable wreck, his gleaming rolling eye pleading for our tolerance, for just another chance. This is all in a high tradition of clowning. Good clowns never try to be funny; they are very serious but eager and hopeful creatures lost in a hostile world; and with great clowns like Grock and W. C. Fields the very furniture is menacing, never to be trusted. Al Read, who was an amateur a few years ago, has shot up like a rocket; he is, however, not a clown proper, a droll, but an extremely effective, self-taught character actor, whose work is based on very acute observation of Lancashire types, especially the loud, self-important chaps. He does not need the stage, as most of the others do, to reveal himself at his best.

Max Bygraves is a large, smooth, young man, dressy and faintly spivvy, but with an easy, relaxed manner that has charm. But whenever I have seen him I have always felt that he was better, or potentially better, than his material allowed him to be. He is like a cocktail that still needs a touch of Pernod or lemon juice or something to complete it. Last—for I have no space here for more than one other—is Norman Wisdom, still very young, who is perhaps the most successful so far with the big public. To be fair, I must explain that I have not seen him perform very recently. But when I did see him—and he was already a star then—I thought he had the appearance and feeling to be a Chaplinesque pathetic little clown, but that he had obviously been rushed to the top far too quickly, before he had mastered the all-important art of timing, in which the good clown must have an exquisite precision. Chaplin is a master of it. So was Grock. You may know in advance, as I did with Grock, exactly what a great clown is going to do or what will happen to him, yet so wonderful is his timing that you are as much taken by surprise as he appears to be. Norman Wisdom has not yet achieved this art, which demands years and years of careful study. It is best, too, if during those years the audience are not too friendly, too easily amused. The worst audience for a comedian trying to improve his act is the privileged invited studio audience, there to applaud anything and everything. A wet Monday in Leeds or Glasgow during a trade slump is what the ambitious and conscientious comedian should appreciate.

This rapid but slightly dubious progress leaves the new star droll facing many awkward questions. And do not imagine that he is such a gay, careless fellow, so busy enjoying his fabulous salary, that he neither knows nor cares how searching these questions are. Nearly all comedians of star quality are in fact extremely anxious and very conscientious performers, more aware of life and its pitfalls than most of their colleagues are, mere butterflies like singers. After all, the basis of good clowning is the contrast between the ideal and real, the expected and the actual, the shining dream and the grim businesses. So the new star drolls begin to worry about the division of their time between stage and air, the risk of using inferior material on the air or the further risk of using up good material, always hard to find, too quickly, the danger of losing the TV or radio public to competitors, the chance of remaining on the stage until an act is perfected. Finally, because his rise has been so rapid, he cannot help wondering if he is really good or has merely been lucky. He has come up quickly, he can go down quickly, too. The older comedians arrived the hard way, but once they were there they felt more secure. They could also save money, hardly possible now with our punitive taxation.

In my capacity as a collector and connoisseur, I try to visit most of the so-called revues (a name that should be reserved for less spectacular and more intimate entertainments) that frame the best of these new drolls. When I do, I admire such talent and art as they offer me, note with respect the ever-increasing precision of the chorus girls, who are far better on the stage if not as trainees for the peerage than those of my youth, and the recent marked improvement in decor, often borrowed from the masters of it, the French; but I hardly ever fail to be annoyed by the astonishing and really disgraceful lack of originality and ideas in these shows. Why have they, with so much money at their disposal, to be so corny? There are sketches that are more or less those I was beginning to yawn at in 1911. Why must they fall back, time after time, on scenes, situations, ideas that were flogged to death years ago? It is as if the new comedians had to take part in some time-honoured ritual of show business. There are religions that have changed faster than these entertainments. Soon they will be fixed for ever, like Punch-and-Judy.

After all, it is not this stale stuff that brings in the audience. The famous drolls are the attraction. Take out their names and personalities, and the shows die at once. But the crowds that make haste to see them have not made it a condition of their patronage that the shows must be entirely free from originality, topicality, ideas, genuine satire, real reference to our common lives. So long as their favourites are on the stage, not only could these audiences take something better than they are offered, but would probably welcome a little originality, a few ideas. The clowns and drolls could dissolve into laughter much that is bitterly frustrating now. Given some acceptable ideas to work with, they could do an even greater public service than they do already. And in this respect we are worse off than almost any other country I know. Are our drolls themselves afraid of richer and more original material? (And what a wonderful tragic clown has been wasted in Bud Flanagan!) Possibly; though I think they could be persuaded to try it; they are anything but stupid men. The fault lies with the managers. They will tell us that they use the best material available, but will not add that it is only the best within the very narrow field to which they limit themselves. Could some of my colleagues in the League of Dramatists provide better material, some originality, some ideas? Yes, I believe they could and that they ought to try. Across what is now the dramatists' desert, into which the star actors, either playing Shakespeare or filming, have disappeared, they must join hands with the drolls to make the big public laugh at itself.

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Earth to Earth

ELSIE and Roland Hedge—she a book-illustrator, he an architect with suspect lungs—had been warned against Dr. Eugen Steinpilz. "He'll bring you no luck," I told them. "My little finger says so decisively."

"You too?" asked Elsie indignantly. (This was at Brixham, South Devon, in March, 1940.) "I suppose you think that because of his foreign accent and his beard he must be a spy?"

"No," I said coldly, "that point hadn't occurred to me. But I won't contradict you."

The very next day Elsie deliberately picked a friendship—I don't like the phrase, but that's what she did—with the Doctor, an Alsatian with an American passport, who described himself as a *Naturphilosoph*; and both she and Roland were soon immersed in Steinpilzerei up to the nostrils. It began when he invited them to lunch and gave them cold meat and two rival sets of vegetable dishes—potatoes (baked), carrots (creamed), bought from the local fruiterer; and potatoes (baked) and carrots (creamed), grown on compost in his own garden.

The superiority of the latter over the former in appearance, size and especially flavour came as an eye-opener to Elsie and Roland; and so Dr. Steinpilz soon converted the childless and devoted couple to the Steinpilz method of composting. It did not, as a matter of fact, vary greatly from the methods you read about in the *Gardening Notes* of your favourite national newspaper, except that it was far more violent. Dr. Steinpilz had invented a formula for producing extremely fierce bacteria, capable (Roland claimed) of breaking down an old boot or the family Bible or a torn woollen vest into beautiful black humus almost as you watched. The formula could not be bought, however, and might be communicated under oath of secrecy only to members of the Eugen Steinpilz Fellowship—which I refused to join. I won't pretend therefore to know the

formula myself, but one night I overheard Elsie and Roland arguing across the hedge as to whether the planetary influences were favourable; and they also mentioned a ram's horn in which, it seems, a complicated mixture of triturated animal and vegetable products—technically called "the Mother"—was to be cooked up. I gather also that a bull's foot and a goat's pancreas were part of the works, because Mr. Pook, the butcher, afterwards told me that he had been puzzled by Roland's request for these unusual cuts. Milkwort and pennyroyal and bee-orchid and vetch certainly figured among "the Mother's" herbal ingredients; I recognised these one day in a gardening basket Elsie had left in the post office.

The Hedges soon had their first compost heap cooking away in the garden, which was about the size of a tennis-court and consisted mostly of well-kept lawn. Dr. Steinpilz, who supervised, now began to haunt the cottage like the smell of drains; I had to give up calling on them. Then, after the Fall of France, Brixham became a war-zone whence everyone but we British and our Free French or Free Belgian allies was extruded. Consequently Dr. Steinpilz had to leave; which he did with very bad grace, and was killed in a Liverpool air-raid the day before he should have sailed back to New York.

I think Elsie must have been in love with the Doctor, and certainly Roland had a hero-worship for him. They treasured a signed collection of all his esoteric books, each called after a different semi-precious stone; and used to read them out aloud to each other at meals, in turns. And to show that this was a practical philosophy, not just a random assembly of beautiful thoughts about Nature, they began composting in a deeper and even more religious way than before. The lawn had come up, of course; but they used the sods to sandwich layers of kitchen waste, which they mixed with the scrapings from an abandoned pigsty, two barrowfuls of sodden poplar leaves from the recreation ground, and a sack of rotten turnips. Looking over the hedge, I caught the fanatic gleam in Elsie's eye as she turned the hungry bacteria loose on the heap, and could not repress a premonitory shudder.

So far, not too bad, perhaps. But when serious bombing started and food became so scarce that housewives were fined for not making over their swill to the national pigs, Elsie and Roland grew worried. Having already abandoned their ordinary sanitary system and built an earth-closet in the garden, they now tried to convince neighbours of their duty to do the same, even at the risk of catching cold and getting spiders down the neck. Elsie also sent Roland after the slow-moving Red Devon cows as they lurched home along the lane at dusk, to rescue the precious droppings with a kitchen shovel; while she visited the local ash-dump with a packing case mounted on wheels, and collected whatever she found there of an organic nature—dead cats, old rags, withered flowers, cabbage stalks and such household waste as even a national war-time pig would have coughed at. She also saved every drop of their bath-water for sprinkling the heaps; because it contained, she said, valuable animal salts.

The test of a good compost heap, as every illuminate knows, is whether a certain revolting-looking, if beneficial, fungus sprouts from it. Elsie's heaps were grey with this crop, and so hot inside that they could be used for haybox cookery; which must have saved her a deal of fuel. I called them "Elsie's heaps," because she now considered herself Dr. Steinpilz's earthly delegate; and loyal Roland did not dispute this claim.

A critical stage in the story came during the Blitz. It will be remembered that trainloads of Londoners, who had been evacuated to South Devon when War broke out, thereafter de-evacuated and re-evacuated and re-de-evacuated themselves, from time to time, in a most disorganised fashion. Elsie and Roland, as it happened, escaped having evacuees billeted on them, because they had no spare bedroom; but one night an old naval pensioner came knocking at their door and demanded lodging for the night. Having been burned out of Plymouth, where everything was chaos, he had found himself walking away and blundering along in a daze until he fetched up here, hungry and dead-beat. They gave him a meal and bedded him on the sofa; but when Elsie came down in the morning to fork over the heaps, she found him dead of heart-failure.

Roland broke a long silence by coming, in some embarrassment, to ask my advice. Elsie, he said, had decided that it would be wrong to trouble the police about the case; because the police were so busy these days, and the poor old fellow had claimed to possess neither kith nor kin. So they'd read the burial service over him and, after removing his belt-buckle, trouser buttons, metal spectacle-case and a bunch of keys, which were irreducible, had laid him reverently in the new compost heap. Its other contents, he added, were a cartload of waste from the cider-factory, salvaged cow-dung, and several basketfuls of hedge clippings. Had they done wrong?

"If you mean 'Will I report you to the Civil Authorities?' the answer is no," I assured him. "I wasn't looking over the hedge at the relevant hour, and, after all, what you tell me is only hearsay."

The War went on. Not only did the Hedges convert the whole garden into serried rows of Eugen Steinpilz memorial heaps, leaving no room for planting the potatoes or carrots to which the compost had been prospectively devoted, but they regularly scavenged offal from the fish-market. Every Spring Elsie used to pick big bunches of primroses and put them straight on the compost, without even a last wistful sniff; virgin primroses were supposed to be particularly relished by the fierce bacteria.

Here the story becomes a little painful for readers of a family journal like this; I will soften it as much as possible. One morning a policeman called on the Hedges with a summons, and I happened to see Roland peep anxiously out of the bedroom window, but quickly pull his head in again. The policeman rang and knocked and waited, then tried the back door; and presently went away. The summons was for a black-out offence, but apparently the Hedges did not know this. Next morning he called again, and when nobody answered, forced the lock of the back door. They were found dead in bed together, having taken an overdose of sleeping tablets. A note on the coverlet ran simply:

Please lay our bodies on the heap nearest the pig-sty. Flowers by request. Strew some on the bodies, mixed with a little kitchen waste, and then fork the earth lightly over.

E.H., R.H.

George Irks, the new tenant, proposed to grow potatoes and dig for victory. He hired a cart and began throwing the compost into the River Dart, "not liking the look of them toadstools," as he subsequently explained. The five beautifully clean human skeletons which George unearthed in the process were still awaiting identification when the War ended.

ROBERT GRAVES

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The New Statesman and Nation, February 19, 1955

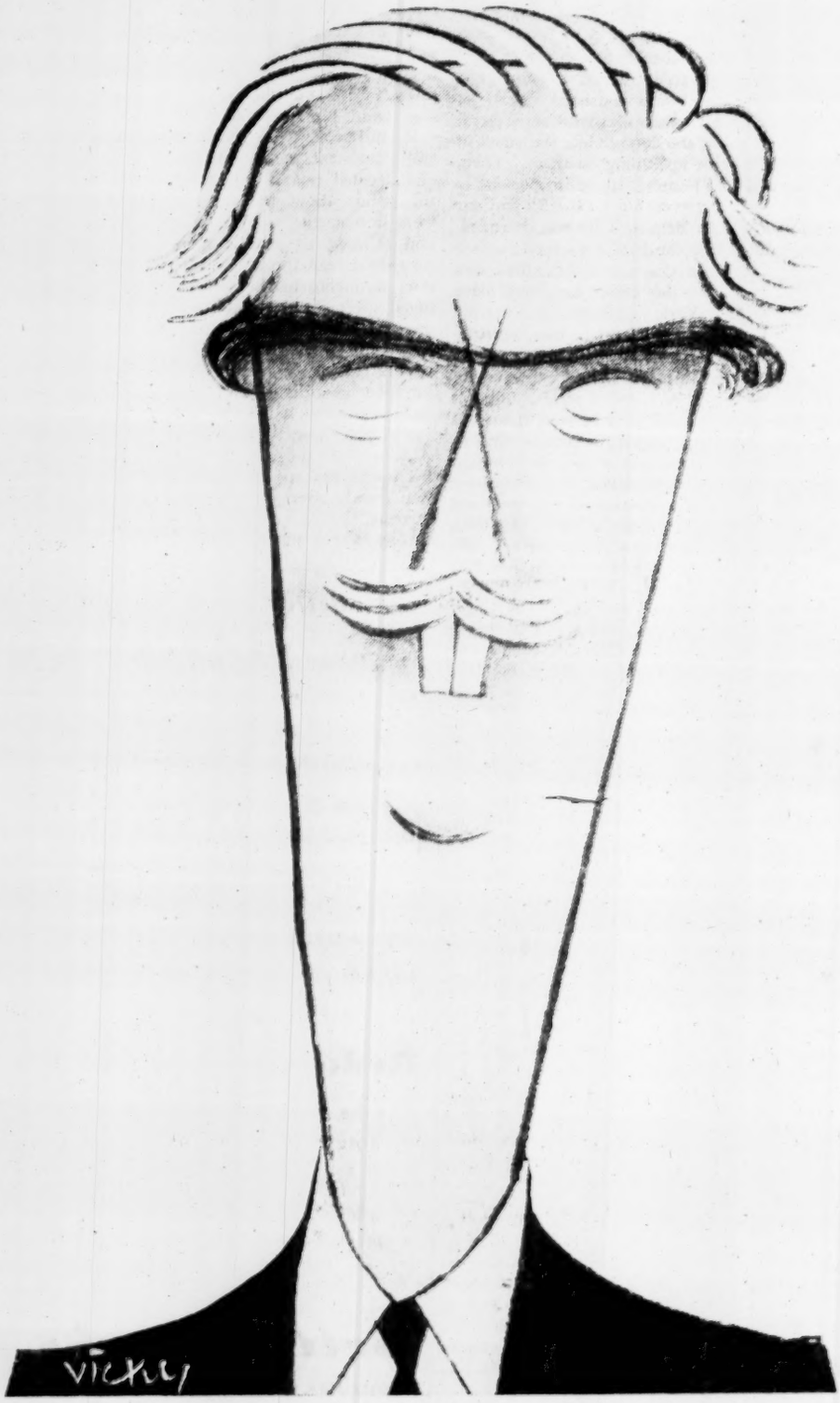
Success Through Indecision

It is possible to see most Conservative leaders in another role. Churchill could have cut a dash in a dozen different guises. On Butler, the mitre or the academic hood would have been equally becoming. But Anthony Eden has been typecast too long—he is either the diplomatist, or nothing at all. It is perhaps unfair to blame him for looking like a diplomat. The truth is that since he began delicately and ambitiously to tread his way forward in Government, the young men in the Foreign Office have taken him as their model. At every embassy, in every corridor of the Foreign Office (and on the Parliamentary benches) are charming, elegant and languid understudies practising urbanity, grace and the dimpled grin. Yet the truth is, however surprising, that although Eden is so much a part of the Foreign Office, although he reads more despatches and telegrams more quickly and understands them better than any other Foreign Secretary ever, he is neither greatly admired nor greatly respected by most of his officials. So much of his industry is abortive. It is a smoke-screen concealing an overwhelming indolence of will. Despite his preoccupation with the external shell of great affairs, he is, when faced with their reality, a most difficult man to bring to the point of decision. He lacks, in fact, both the power of decision and the sense of direction which makes decision possible. He is also at times guilty of splenetic peevishness.

These two personal traits, vacuity of purpose and an underlying streak of ill-temper, explain the nature of the public façade which Eden has so carefully constructed. Combined as they are with tremendous vanity and ambition, they have had to be concealed and restrained in Eden's life-long attempt to make a statesman out of the material God has given him. The fact that the final moment of commitment and decision is an agony has made him the endless negotiator. He is the perpetual juvenile lead of the conference merry-go-round. In the tour of European capitals, either in search of a formula for disarmament as in 1933, or in search of a formula for German rearmament as in 1955, he plays his role to perfection. Let the play continue as long as the dialogue holds out. Negotiate, conciliate, talk and talk again—this is the substance of diplomacy. If the talk is directed consciously to a definable end, all negotiation can be fruitful. But if the dialogue masters the plot, then the characters, Eden amongst them, still smiling, still negotiating, may find themselves drifting from an original enunciation of high principle through various stages of compromise to ultimate betrayal. This is the substance of the charge which was levelled against Eden by the Left before the war and is now being levelled by the Right. If the process continues, it will in all probability be levelled by the Left again.

The other trait, the publicly suppressed irascibility, is responsible for the patina of charm which Eden presents to the world. He must never let himself go in case, in so doing, he offends. And there is no profit in upsetting people. So, in the House, for example, when he is provoked into irritability, he will quickly try to save himself with a shamefaced grin. When interrupted, he will rarely snap back with a crisp rebuttal, as any man who was less in control of himself (and more sure of himself and his purpose) would do. He almost pleads, plaintively, "This is a complex point. I am trying to explain. . . . Perhaps the House would permit me to continue without interruption. . . ." When, occasionally, he does make a fighting comeback, it is usually directed at someone who is either weak or unpopular. He does so want the majority to like him. For it was by being liked and by not giving offence, and because successive Conservative leaders have known that he had neither the strength nor the purpose to lead successfully a Palace revolution, that he was placed in the line of succession just twenty years ago and has remained there ever since.

He stood out when he entered Parliament in 1924. Appearance, breeding, the renown of a brilliant First in Oriental Studies at Oxford, where he worked hard and did not mix, the possession of a sound military reputation and a M.C., won as a very young soldier before going to Oxford, were rare attributes in the Parliament of 1924. The sheer quality of his facial structure, a fine head, despite his deficiency of chin, gave him something which, allied to impeccable taste in clothes, made him look too good to be true.



He is, today, no longer quite so well dressed. He sometimes looks almost careless. It is as though he had realised that men do not take to other men who look too good to be true. But he is still conscious of his good looks, which is why he prefers to screw up his long lashes in order to bring people into focus rather than to destroy the line by wearing spectacles.

And so everything about him has always been distinguished—save his speeches. In the early days they were laborious, humdrum and humourless. He was, largely due to his extensive travels, able to speak with some degree of authority on the minutiae of foreign policy. He was able to intervene in defence of the Services against what he considered to be the pathetic pacificism of the Service Ministers in the first Labour Government. As a collector he spoke on art. Seen in the pages of 30-year-old Hansards, he is the very image of an earnest back-bencher scanning the Order Paper for business on which he could speak with a little knowledge: it was time for another speech, if he was to "get on." His speeches, indeed, throughout the years, those innumerable yellowing pages of Hansard, public orations and political pot-boilers, are unique in that all these words have never had a flash-point. Only his hats have passed into the language. He has neither a facile wit nor the depth of feeling which can create a classic phrase out of the very agony of personal conviction.

In the age of mediocrity he progressed. He became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain at the Foreign Office. He became Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. He represented Britain at the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations. Gradually, in the public eye, he began to epitomise the generation lost in 1914-1918. He genuinely desired peace, as did almost everyone in Britain in the Thirties. Eden has always moved with the tide. When the progressive stream was pro-Russian, he was pro-Russian. As Britain became anti-Hitler, so did Eden. When Britain was anti-Russian, so was Eden. Now that Britain hopes for co-existence, so does Eden. When, in the Thirties, Britain desperately wanted to believe in the League of Nations, so did Eden. He provided an admirable, popular and photogenic front for the cynicism of Stanley Baldwin and the National Government. After the overwhelming success of the Peace Ballot in 1935 he became even more necessary to Baldwin, who was always shrewdly certain that Anthony would never make himself a nuisance. When Hoare was dismissed after the public rejection of the Hoare-Laval pact on Abyssinia, there was no one more suited to placate public opinion than Eden. So Baldwin made him Foreign Secretary.

But he was never a real Foreign Secretary. He remained the instrument of policy and never the arbiter of policy. He was a good Foreign Office type. He was a good ambassador. He was, in effect, Baldwin's ambassador to the people of Britain. His ultimate resignation from Chamberlain's Government came only when his position was made untenable by the fact that Chamberlain was carrying on negotiations with Italy behind his back. Even then he was outshone in the final, decisive act by his Under-Secretary, Cranborne, whose resignation speech shamed Eden's more cautious and contrived effort. From then on Eden was again careful not to offend. Austria fell and he was silent. Came Munich, and again Eden was strangled by restraint.

Only today is he, for the first time, despite all his years at the Foreign Office, beginning to wield some of the power of a Foreign Secretary. During the war he was a departmental head to Churchill. During the post-war period of Opposition he tried to become an effective spokesman on wider economic policies. He was unusually inept and ill-informed. During the first years of the present Government, he was again subordinated to Churchill. His success at Geneva was purely one of negotiation. The decision in principle was taken by Churchill, who had suddenly realised that the U.S. might actually drop an atom bomb to save Dien Bien Phu, and that compromise was the means to avert calamity. With this brief, Eden played his part, the part of the negotiator, superbly. There are perhaps only two instances of his direct and personal intervention as a Foreign Secretary. One was the decision to withdraw from Suez. In that episode, with the Foreign Office and a clear majority of the House of Commons behind him, he showed pertinacity and some determination in wearing down the opposition of Churchill and his wilder back-bench followers. His other individual effort, this time with the Cabinet, the Foreign Office and most of the Tory benches behind him, has been to prevent Churchill from embarking on his Four-Power talks.

Some day, inevitably, Eden will lead his Party. The prospect is viewed with distinct lack of enthusiasm by Conservative M.P.s. They have lived with him long enough to learn that charm is no substitute for leadership and that occasional outbursts of bad temper are no sign of strength. The common attitude is that "Anthony has waited so long he must have his day." It is then confidently predicted that Butler will proceed to eat him alive. For Eden has waited so long and so patiently for his opening. He has tried so hard and so correctly to qualify for greatness. And soon he must be called. Soon he will have to strip for action; and, as he doffs his aspirant's mask, it will be seen that there is emptiness behind it.

The Arts and Entertainment

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON "THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE"

THERE seems to be fairly widespread agreement among those who have seen Michael Tippett's opera at Covent Garden that it is musically distinguished, but dramatically feeble. A few brave souls have championed even the composer's libretto, claiming, for example, that its obscurity is no greater than that of *Tristan* or *Götterdämmerung*; but this will hardly do. If Wagner's texts are often turgid and needlessly repetitive, his dramatic structures are invariably clear, logical and effective.

That Tippett is not devoid of dramatic instinct is shown by two or three passages in his opera; notably the exciting opening, the quiet ending of the second act, and the moment towards the end of the first act when a scene of noisy wrangling on the stage is suddenly stilled by the radiant reappearance of Jenifer, in her semi-transfigured state, at the top of the celestial staircase; at such moments as these his musical powers also appear at their strongest. Even more remarkable is the fact that tedious stretches of action have often drawn from the composer music of great vigour and vitality. Evidently, this is an opera which must stand or fall on its musical merits pure and simple. And its music, though not altogether consistent, either in style or in the level of its achievement, certainly represents a giant step forward for a composer whose talent is not easily adapted to the demands of the stage.

Tippett's main difficulty as an operatic composer is the same which has delayed his symphonic progress. He is an inveterate contrapuntalist. The musical idiom which comes most naturally to him is a blend of Elizabethan madrigal technique with a kind of linear counterpoint akin to that of Hindemith; but this rather austere mixture is sweetened by the fairly frequent incursions of a warmer type of melody—sometimes (as in *A Child of Our Time*) Negro spirituals, sometimes tunes of a more personal cast. There is apt to be some discrepancy between these elements; in his best work, such as the Concerto for Double String Orchestra, they are brought into a vital structural relationship, but elsewhere they tend to alternate rather than to form a synthesis. In opera a further problem arises: contrapuntal writing severely detracts from the impact and even from the audibility of the vocal line. This is a difficulty which Wagner himself never quite overcame; in his mature works he generally bypassed it by giving the voice one of the contrapuntal strands to sing, trusting to human radiance and charm, together with a careful handling of texture, to keep it well to the fore. With a much less experienced hand, Tippett frequently follows a similar method; there are long stretches of *The Midsummer Marriage* in which the voice part is duplicated in the orchestra. In these passages the voice is not carrying the musical argument; musical continuity is, in theory, supplied by the orchestra. Wagner can bring it off because his orchestral web consists of a symphonic weaving of many markedly independent and memorable motives, which not only have dramatic connotations of their own, but make a dramatic effect in the purely musical processes of development, modification, combination and recapitulation. Tippett uses such devices much more sparingly: with few exceptions, his themes are neither presented nor recalled in such a way as to sink into the listener's consciousness as vital elements in the drama. Hence a certain feeling of monotony in the score; hence, too, the partial removal of this impression with further acquaintance. Those who are prepared to tolerate the cumbrous stage business will discover increas-

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ing musical pleasure in the course of repeated visits to Covent Garden.

Having heard the opera three times live and once broadcast, I feel that the best of it is contained in (1) certain choral scenes, (2) the Ritual Dances, and (3) those scenes in which the solo voice takes the melodic lead. Tippett writes for chorus like a master; but here again his mastery is untheatrical. Only when (as in *Boris Godunov*) the chorus plays a vital dramatic role can choral writing so extensive be theatrically justified; and the importance of the chorus to the action of *The Midsummer Marriage* is not, from the audience's standpoint, adequately established. In the Ritual Dances, the composer's creative fantasy is working untrammelled, and with magnificent results; the section called "The Waters in Winter," with the sinuously gliding figure for muted violas in E flat minor, is one of his most beautiful inventions. Lastly—and most hopefully for the composer's future operatic prospects—there is the success of several scenes in which he has placed vocal melody in the forefront. Mark's opening song and Jenifer's "pure" aria are outstanding examples of this; best of all, perhaps, because most easy and natural, is the music allotted to Bella. After making every allowance for the skill and charm of Adele Leigh's interpretation, we can recognise in this music a human touch, a delight in personality and in sheer voice, which together present to the audience a human being. It is as though Bella, alone of the characters (her young man is dim), had escaped from the thickets of symbolism into the warm sunshine of life.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A NEW TALENT

THE new play at the Duchess, *A Kind of Folly*, by Owen Holder, with a cast led by Flora Robson and Wilfrid Hyde White, is the most intelligent we've heard in the theatre for a great many years. An artificial comedy set in the Edwardian era, it has a flavour which can best be expressed by saying that it is "out of" Compton-Burnett: there is something of the same devastating simplicity and hints of the same sort of sardonic overtones. But the influence is not direct; Mr. Holder has a voice and tone all his own, and with this play, his first to reach the West End, we can welcome the arrival of a brilliant new talent. But since originality has a worse job getting itself heard in the theatre than anywhere else, what it especially needs is instant support. It will reward it. I hope to write at length about it next week.

T. C. WORSLEY

TWO VIEWS

THERE is an old saying that the view which the climber sees from the summit is different from that seen by people who travel up in the funicular railway. The climber creates his view as he climbs; the passenger searches for a meaning in what he has seen as he rides up. There is roughly the same difference between the kind of satisfaction the artist experiences in creating a work, and the kind of satisfaction the spectator gains from looking at it. In our present confusion it may be helpful to try to understand this difference. The spectator, however broad-minded, always has a vaguely pre-conceived idea of how things should be said in art, whereas the artist only has a pre-conceived idea (perhaps intimation is a better word) of what he wants to say. Consequently, the spectator enjoys everything that has been said successfully, whilst the artist enjoys only those parts or aspects of the work which come nearest to his original vision and so illuminate it for him. In the work of either very slick, superficial artists, or very great ones, both the creator's and spectator's satisfaction probably come from one source—in the case of Peter Arno or Raphael. But this is rare.

At the Hanover Gallery, for instance, there are some works by a talented young sculptor, Robert Clatworthy. There is an over life-size man with a hound, various studies of cats and some small horsemen. All of them have been worked direct in plaster and have very rough, churned-up surfaces, which make the smaller pieces appear dashing and baroque, and the larger ones turgid. The spectator is tempted either to admire the small horsemen for their bravado, or to interpret the huge, pock-marked, blurred, larva-run man and his dog as a bitter comment on the human condition—an Umberto D with all the suffering brutalised out of him. Yet I am sure all this is a long way from Clatworthy's own interests. He is concerned with discovering in an intractable medium the hidden structural equivalent of a cat's spring, a man's elbow, a dog's strength. Through the rubble of the plaster he searches for the suavity with which a pectoral muscle clothes shoulder and chest, or for the latent hauser-tension of the tendons in a full thigh. One might criticise him for being blind to the obvious effect of his method, and for concentrating on the parts of a work at the expense of the whole; but on the other side of such criticism and on the other side of his ugly productions, there is a sculptor learning patiently with eager finger tips and a sharp eye. If he makes unnecessary problems for himself, it may be because we present him with no real ones. Temperamentally, Clatworthy is a monumental artist who needs the sky to work against.

Rosemary Young, also at the Hanover, is another talented sculptor, but of a different kind. She has developed her earlier, spindly figures (which were no more than impossible line-drawings-in-sculpture) into simplified, tall, pitcher-like pieces. She is intimate where Clatworthy is heroic, and tends to over-simplify where he over-particularises. But there is still the same problem. The spectator will tend to think, in vaguely Manzu terms, of a spirit of remote, urn-calm elegance. Yet I doubt whether the satisfaction she gets from her work has anything to do with such a consideration. Her excitement must surely derive from the degree to which she can bend, separate and impress a gentle, calm form into vitality. Her most successful *Girl Drying her Foot*, may seem restrained, almost cold; but for her its success surely lies in its daring. The spectator apprehends the unalterable basis of an artist's personality; the artist is only interested in how that basis can be extended.

Anthony Eyton's exhibition follows that of Anthony Fry's at the St. George's Gallery. They are both very serious and modest artists; Fry because he is legitimately ambitious and knows that he must begin at the beginning; Eyton because for him, as for Corot, the simple act of painting precludes all need for assertion. Most of his pictures are Greek landscapes—diffused, tender, tentative but sharp as the time told by a sundial. He presents us with the satisfaction—to put it somewhat abstractly—of views in which everything has been made relevant by contemplation. But once again, for him himself, the satisfaction is probably rather different. He observes and modifies what is in front of him in order to construct (and sometimes he does so quite miraculously) a frame-work of colours and tones which must describe objects and at the same time hold every cubic foot of light-filled space as firmly as a honey comb honey. To us it is the diffusion and peacefulness that appeals: to him it is the hardness and precision which are necessary to achieve what appeals to us.

I haven't sufficient space to analyse in the same way the other exhibitions now on. But it would be possible to do so, and they are, anyway, well worth visiting for their own sake. At the Redfern, Denis Matthews is showing some excellent drawings which he did during his recent visit to China and which are sharpened by his enthusiasm and sympathy for the simplest events he saw—a man ploughing, people shopping, children playing with birds. They are more than *rapportage*, these drawings; they are works in their own right. Keith Vaughan has some gouache paintings at the Leicester Galleries which show that he is relating figures to landscape with increasing success, whilst investigating more and more thoroughly how various aspects of the body connect with, set a charge to, particular emotions. At the same Gallery there are also some paintings, including one very large one, by the Greek painter Ghika. He takes the surface and colour and glimmer of blinds, plants, balcony railings, painted wood and draperies and fixes their qualities to the surface of his canvas so that they are not only finely decorative but also highly evocative of place and atmosphere. In front of his large "collage" of a shooting booth, one almost imagines oneself leaning one's elbows on the counter and taking aim. Narrow realists should take note that there is more than one way home.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

JUST now, the really interesting things in television are not taking place in front of the cameras but in the planning departments of the commercial companies. A great deal of silence is being maintained—naturally enough. The immediate future is still uncertain: we still do not yet know when exactly the I.T.A. stations will take the air, and perhaps the I.T.A. does not know itself. One thing, however, seems pretty plain: commercial television, or at least some of its programmes, is going to be quite unlike what its opponents during the days of the correspondence in *The Times* and of the Parliamentary debates assumed it would be. This is evident from the trickle of news of staff appointments made by the commercial companies. Thus, in the last fortnight or so, we have heard that Mr. Harry Watt and Mr. Dennis Forman have joined Mr. Bernstein's company, and when one remembers *Drifters* and *The Overlanders* and the documentaries put out by the Central Office of Information, it is clear the B.B.C. must expect formidable competition in fields of television where one had thought it particularly strong.

These appointments, however, do not represent an actual loss to the B.B.C., though they may well do to the film industry. But that Mr. Aidan Crawley should have been appointed editor of the I.T.A.'s news service must be serious indeed. The B.B.C. is thereby diminished; and the appointment suggests, too, that the I.T.A.'s news programmes will be genuine TV, which the Television Service's have scarcely yet become, for Mr. Crawley learnt his TV at the feet of Mr. Murrow.

And at this particular moment Mr. Murrow continues to dominate the B.B.C. screen. We saw the other evening a telerecording of him interviewing Dr. Robert Oppenheimer; and here was nothing so technically elaborate as the interviews he conducts in *Person to Person:* he was simply sitting in Dr. Oppenheimer's rooms at Princeton. It was, of course, an occasion of very great interest: Dr. Oppenheimer belongs, in the layman's eyes, to the world of power in its most mysterious and alarming manifestations, and it is scarcely possible too not to see him in some sense as a tragic figure. He emerged as a most fascinating personality, with a wonderfully mobile face. To an interviewer of Mr. Murrow's ability he was, you might say, a gift.

But it isn't as simple as that. I suspect there is a national difference between us and the Americans which in a way makes TV an easier medium for Americans than for us. It is the difference between our respective attitudes towards publicity. In America the great public figure is, as it were, the willing victim of all the media of mass publicity; he is at home with them; while at the same time, in the public view, his interviewer is as great a figure as he is himself. It is not so in England: the B.B.C. interviewer or commentator is a figure still remarkably akin to that of the reporter on a country newspaper who borrows the speaker's notes after the lecture. It is part of his job, as it is that of the B.B.C. news-reader's, to be, if not exactly self-effacing, at any rate a formalised being allowed only a narrow range of appropriate emotions, the most signal being perhaps awe and respect and a suitable sense of the gravity of the occasion.

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This may be admirable, but it doesn't make for the best television. There was an instance the other night, when Mr. Max Robertson was talking to Dr. Grey Walter in the programme *Living Machines*, a most interesting programme in which Dr. Walter demonstrated his very entertaining model "mechanical brains." But it would have seemed so much better if one hadn't seen Mr. Murrow's programme earlier in the week. Mr. Max Robertson is very able, but able in the B.B.C. way; and he has to do far too many different things. He does running commentaries on tennis and table-tennis; he visits circuses; he introduces programmes; and he interviews all and sundry. He does a very good imitation of what used to be called the intelligent layman, which means that his strong suit is a sort of reverent diffidence. He isn't there as a full personality; he isn't supposed to be; but Dr. Grey Walter was, and all the evidence of TV suggests that if you add one personality to another the result is not a diminution of either but a heightening of both.

With television, one always comes back to this matter of personality. It explains the success for example of the fortnightly programme *Ask Pickles*, which I gather is the most popular programme on the B.B.C. screen. Since I react badly to bonhomie and find Mr. Pickles's common touch a sight too common, it is a programme I can sit through only with the help of gin. As a guide to what in America would be called the "folkways" of the English, it could scarcely be bettered. "Mums" play a great part in, and so do "kiddies." "Mums" write to Mr. Pickles and ask for an extract of a film the "kiddies" saw and loved so much. "Kiddies" write and ask for a nice surprise for their "Mums," and it's obviously all the better if "Mum" is bedridden. Very old ladies, too, win great applause, especially if great-grandmothers. Sweethearts are reunited; people who have not met for many years are magically brought together: the other evening there was a reunion of some of the survivors of Shackleton's last expedition to the Antarctic. Dogs loom large; clever ones or faithful ones, or a very small one and a very big one.

Well, there it is, whether one likes it or not, and all bound together by personality. It's a not unimportant matter. How deplorably lacking in it, for example, was the Labour Party's television programme last week!

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Désirée," at the Carlton
"Vera Cruz," at the London Pavilion
"Out of the Clouds," at the Leicester Square
Renoir Season, at the Everyman

Mr. Marlon Brando as Napoleon—quite an idea; and, after Mr. Brando's performance, it remains an idea. He isn't Napoleon. He is the man of destiny from a popular novel ("in a few moments I shall kiss you"). He gives away plans at frivolous dinner parties; appears at midnight like a silverised Monsieur Beaucaire to learn the waltz, walks about with his hands clasped behind (the drawing room foil to hand in chest), talks more or less English (the nearest they could manage to outlandish Corsican), scowls much and retains in defeat a youthful figure. It is, in fact, Mr. Brando trying hard to look Nap-like and wondering how on earth to do it with this script that makes him out a tame tabby. Not his fault if the thing doesn't light up. At least he gives a conviction of power damped.

The fabulous life is twined round a certain Désirée (Miss Jean Simmons). One might not think so from seeing the film, but there *was* a Désirée Carcy, whom Napoleon loved early and wished to marry and afterwards helped, as though she had been a member of the family, to the Swedish throne. I doubt whether, like Miss Simmons, she was always running, whether she flung a glass of champagne over Josephine and was the recipient of his surrendered sword, what she did was to hide in the woods with her conspiring husband, Bernadotte, dressed as a boy—but the film, missing a chance, doesn't give us this. It is so concerned with showing everyone as noble and dignified in his or her way that hardly a shred of reality remains. The whole thing is stiff as a poker, and the parts that might have been interesting are retailed by Miss Simmons reading her diary. If there's a dead, dull way this is it: Napoleon was—however low you may rate him—a fascinating brute.

Vera Cruz hardly pretends to history—though the Emperor Maximilian comes into it—and contents itself with Mr. Burt Lancaster in smashing form, and Mr. Gary Cooper, rather jaded, as two villainous mercenaries in Mexico after the Civil War. They rob, steal, plot, murder, and clinch our admiration by revealing deep down at the end a golden streak. This is the rather unpleasant taste of a film that has a schoolboyish gusto and disregard of probability. As popular film-making it's miles ahead of *Désirée*.

If everything's rather nasty about *Vera Cruz*, rightful decency is the fall of Ealing's *Out of the Clouds*. The hero and heroine are Jewish (audacious touch!); pilots threaten to smuggle in dope, but at the last minute don't, comic old ladies prepare themselves with sleeping draughts for journeys that are put off, the grounded man of the air is found to be doing just as fine a job in looking after staff problems, and half a dozen stories are absurdly packed into a day of fog at London Airport. *Out of the Clouds* manages to seem more noveliette than life, and more advertisement than documentary. It tells us quite a lot in a kid-gloved way about an English aerodrome, though not who's responsible for emptying the ash-trays.

The Renoir Season at the Everyman—the first—revives *Les Bas-Fonds* (Gorky) this week, and *The Southerner* next: both, perhaps, a little off his track. But from February 28th will be shown *The Golden Coach*, which I strongly recommend to anyone who missed it for its use of colour and for the magic which Renoir has found in juggling with art and life. After this, if the public appetite is not assuaged, might we be allowed to enjoy again those two masterpieces, *Partie de Campagne* and *La Regle du Jeu*?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Ghost Writers," at the Arts

Mr. Ted Allan has not, it seems to me, received enough praise for this topical melodrama. Granted that it is only melodrama, one-sided in its approach, black and white in its characterisation, it still has striking merits which would surely ensure it a long run if it were dealing with a subject of more general interest to us. It is written with a good deal of wit, the dialogue is exceptionally tight, and the situations, if not exactly original, are tautly and excitingly contrived: it is often very funny. The scene is Hollywood, the hero an innocent young Canadian novelist lured to California by the promise that a book of his will be turned into a film. Cheated of this ambition, he is persuaded by the defaulting producer to put his name for a high fee to an anonymous script. This brings him into the centre of the storm created by a black-listing of screen writers and actors, and a sufficiently plausible plot develops out of this. The play is just as entertaining and a good deal more rewarding than the average good film. Mr. Allan is rather lucky in his cast. Good, straight impersonations from melodrama are given on both sides. But it is Mr. George Coulouris who really makes the evening by reconciling the extremes. The character he is portraying could hardly be more villainous, but gradually Mr. Coulouris insinuates himself into our affections until in the end it is hard to believe that he is really doing what we see him doing, so successfully does he persuade even himself that the bad is really the good. This is what real villains in our day are like. The play gets off to rather an uneven start, but picks up in pace and certainty under the direction of Mr. Bernard Braden.

T. C. W.

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THE FEAR OF THE BOMB

[*The writer of this letter, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, was one of the outstanding leaders of the struggle for Indian freedom, and was Governor-General of India from* 1948 *to* 1950.]

SIR,—There are many evils in the world. It is no answer to say to one who wants a great evil to be removed that there are other evils, too, which will remain over. The greatest of all wicked things on earth is the diabolical climax of the research into the secret of the atom.

To say that such results as have been achieved may produce new sources of power in addition to what we have in coal and water-power is no answer to the demand that the new diabolical weapons should be banned along with bacteriological warfare. The talk of the constructive uses to which the fission of atoms may be put serves at present only as a camouflage for continuing the military use of it and making control and inspection difficult.

That the new dreadful weapons have produced an all-round hesitation to go to war is also no consolation. War is bad, but can we bear to live in continuous fear generated by the holding of these weapons? For good and honest men and women it is no less than the Hell for bad people threatened in scripture and described in poetry. It may indeed be better to let a war destroy the world altogether than live in this Hell of continuous fear. Shall we content ourselves agitating that the Powers should agree to give up war altogether and meanwhile do nothing to get these new weapons out of the way? It would amount to asking for the moon while the all-destroying Terror bides in the garden waiting for its opportunity. "One by one" is a good rule of action. Let us do all we can and get these new weapons out of the way. Let us chasten ourselves step by step. Perhaps our further march will be all the more rapid as a result.

All inventions lead, as someone has said, to frustration at the end of an illusory hope. What we thought would add strength to us and help us against others is soon found to have served to add new power all round; and, in the net result, we remain where we were. When science in one country invaded the green room of the atom, the same was bound to follow in the enemy countries. America is not now stronger by reason of the A and H bombs. She is definitely weaker—I am not referring here to the moral position, but only to the military position—because of the consuming fear now created for men and women peacefully engaged in America by the new power simultaneously added to her enemies as a result of what America did. America suffers more by the new dread than the less advanced peoples of the world, who, after all, may not mind being destroyed along with the others! America has not really gained, but lost, by her success in the atom laboratory. She set science in motion against herself without mending it. Fear has resulted, not added power, from this progress which science has achieved running away with the bit between its teeth.

It is futile to think of inventing ways and means for making the new weapons more flexible and less cataclysmal. The enemy is not going to gradualise and tune himself to such policies. He fears greatly and he is not likely to be scrupulous in methods when he feels he must get rid of what threatens his existence. His fears must be removed, and that is not achieved by these processes of improving the adaptability of the weapon. How shall we get out of this mess, this fear that has been generated? This or any other fear cannot be got rid of except by unilateral action and a trust in the law that rules God's world, and which binds all thought and spirit in one close entanglement. Throw it away and all will be well? At any rate, no worse.

To get rid of fear is different from trying to get rid of a danger. To seek to remove a danger or escape from it really is to continue in fear. To expect your enemy to agree to give up what has definitely added to his power of generating terror is a vain thought. You should give up *your* fear without waiting for the other man to give up his power. The only way to get control over the hellish power

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HUTCHINSON

that has been created is not the retaining of the power for purposes of retaliation but by unilaterally giving it up on your part. To seek safety through retaliation is to continue in fear. There really is no "safe" way to throw off fear. It must be thrown away, not minding the consequences. In the present case, to retain the weapons along with the fear of its being used at any time or in retaliation by the other side adds nothing to safety, and is not an asset in any real sense. It is in the net result a minus quantity. To say that the West is relatively weaker in conventional weapons is wrong in fact as well as in policy. But supposing it is as stated, is the position improved by letting both sides hold these new weapons of destruction? The mathematics of the American argument is far from convincing. It ignores the essential nature of the new weapon which, by hypothesis, is to be held by both sides. We can carry no negotiation forward with such arguments. They can only serve to put off the efforts of those who work for peace. No side will agree to surrender and agree to be weaker than the other. Fear is the fundamental evil that generates war, hot or cold, ancient or modern. And the only way to get rid of it is unilateral action, to begin the right thing without waiting for the other side.

If we get these new weapons out of the way, the wall will have been breached, and we may then tackle the general question with greater hopes of success. If this is done, we may then look upon the atom as something that came to take us from the peak of error and fear down into the valley of peace. History may then look upon it all as an ugly dream that dissolved when it reached its climax of terror.

Madras. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

SIR,—As one of the young Scots who were provoked to romantic Stevensonian episodes with the Stone of Destiny, I should like to comment on Mr. Thomson's excellent article.

The home-rule agitation of five years ago may seem to be more forceful than the home-rule agitation of today, as Mr. Thomson says. It should be remembered, however, that no movement can exist at fever pitch all the time, and there are undoubtedly more people quietly working for some form of self-government for Scotland today than there have ever been before. In the long run any movement must be judged, not by the support it appears to get, but by the actual number of people who devote their time and energy to it. Even the young romantics are with us still. Scarcely a month passes without some incident which is deplored in all the Prince's Street clubs.

Mr. Thomson also mentions that the Balfour Commission emphasises that Scotland is contributing less than her share of U.K. expenditure on a population basis. That the Commission states so is deplorable and one is tempted to the view that it has fallen over backwards to justify the *status quo*. The White Paper, Revenue and Expenditure (Cmd. 9051), shows that while Scotland has a population percentage of 10.43 of the total British population, she contributed (1952-53) 9.69 of the total British revenue. This is no very great disproportion, particularly when we remember that in previous years Scotland has contributed more than her fair share of revenue on a population basis.

The greatest grievance which exists in Scotland in the field of financial relations is in the matter of expenditure on joint United Kingdom services. Scotland in the year 1952-53 contributed £203 million to expenditure on these services. While we have some information on the headings under which this expenditure is incurred, we have no direct information on where it is spent. There is a very strong feeling in informed circles in Scotland that a very considerable proportion of that £203 million which comes from Scotland is spent in the South, creating employment there and raising the English standard of living at the expense of the Scots. Scotland used to boast that it provided the heads of the U.K. departments. Now it can also boast that in some measure it is financing them.

Finally, may I express my approval for Mr. Thomson's suggestion that a Scottish Parliament should be considered against the background of British federalism as a whole. It is not exclusively a Scottish problem; it is an English one as well. Hugh MacDairmidism and the savage creed of "Scotland free and neutral" finds little support in Scotland. Yet there can be no doubt that most Scots would like to see a Scottish federal parliament meeting in Edinburgh. Federalism may not be spectacular, but it is undoubtedly practical.

2 Circus Gardens, Edinburgh, 3. IAN R. HAMILTON

PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

SIR,—As an American psychiatrist in England with the U.S. Air Force, I wonder if I may be permitted to make a few remarks concerning the recent discussion of psychiatric treatment in your columns. My contacts with British psychiatric hospitals during my stay here have shown that there seems to be a rather unfortunate dichotomy between the physicians who are primarily interested in organic treatment and those who are more concerned with psychotherapy and psychodynamics. The recent tendency in the United States has been for men of both groups to collaborate in a teaching atmosphere, so that the patient may benefit by obtaining the treatment which is most useful in his particular case. Institutions which supply psychoanalytic training are more and more being developed, in the States, within medical school settings.

I do not see how Mr. Robinson concluded that the "Mental Hospital Doctor" was simply requesting more long-term psychotherapy. The point that was made was that people must be trained in psychotherapy in order to deal most capably with emotional illness. Long-term psychotherapy is neither desirable nor indicated for many emotionally disturbed individuals; but it is only the person who is well trained in psychotherapy who is able to carry out short-term treatment and most skilfully decide what is indicated in each particular case.

Another approach to the problem which has recently been stressed in the States is the teaching of psychodynamics during hospital training in psychiatry, as well as including it in the basic curriculum of medical school, in addition to the traditional descriptive psychiatric studies. The fact that over 50 per cent. of the hospital beds in England and the United States consist of psychiatric cases, does not point to a solution of training thousands and thousands of additional psychiatrists, but to having the general physician given a better understanding of psychodynamics and of elementary techniques in psychotherapy.

The "less extended method," in contradistinction to what Mr. Robinson has in mind, is skilled psychotherapy in the hands of a trained physician who can most effectively and rapidly treat emotionally disturbed patients and when indicated, utilise the advances in organic treatment as well.

Liverpool. NORMAN D. LAZAR

SIR,—Kenneth Robinson's efforts to promote better psychiatric facilities in this country entitle him to the respect of every psychiatrist. It is the more surprising to find him so little worried about the fact that the majority of psychiatrists in the Health Service cannot honestly say that they have had serious training in psychotherapy. And the fact that the average doctor is quite untrained, and the average psychiatrist only half-trained, in psychology, psychoanalysis, and the social sciences, is not undone as his letter might suggest, by other truths about the brighter atmosphere in mental hospitals and the increasing interest shown in the activity of patients there.

Human beings are complex, subtle and infinitely varied. To understand them or treat their disorders of feeling can never be easy; it will always require scientific humility and disciplined study and prolonged apprenticeship. Administrative optimism is not a useful alternative and neither is medical complacency. A short-cut method for the treatment of neurosis has not been discovered (although Bloomfield-Bonnington's grandchildren abound), and in the light of findings already made by the still young science of psychoanalysis has as much chance of

being just "around the corner" as the Philosopher's Stone. When the founder of psychoanalysis was reproved for not having discovered a science that would allow understanding of the nature of neurosis without so much work for patient and therapist, he told the story of the woman who said to her husband as they were setting out in their car—"Now please remember we are in a hurry. We have no time for short cuts."

Even if one concedes a point to Mr. Robinson's hopes that useful short methods of psychotherapy might be found, in spite of Freud, for the treatment of severe neurosis, few would concede that these are likely to be stumbled upon by relatively untrained people. Those who run the Health Service have every need to take seriously the "Mental Hospital Doctor" who realised his ignorance and unfitness to treat neurotic patients in spite of his psychiatric training, and sought to fit himself for his task, but found the training too expensive.

Mr. Robinson may fairly point to many a building designated as a neurosis centre. The Health Service has a right to be proud of its buildings but does he seriously suggest they are staffed with enough well-trained psychotherapists? Or that alternative empiric methods of physical treatment are adequate substitutes for the scientific psychotherapy sought in vain in the Health Service by your original correspondent? Or that proper training in depth psychology should be excluded from the Health Service because it would change the face of medicine? The cost of properly training the psychotherapists needed to tackle the problem of neurosis in this country has plainly shaken Mr. Robinson, and I do not blame him. But what of the cost to this country of leaving neurotic illness untreated and half treated?

EXPERIENTIA DOCET

AUNT OR ARBITER

SIR,—Mr. Berger asks me about my sense of reality. Perhaps I can best answer him by making two lists: (1) Things that are manifestly real: war, concentration camps, forced labour, execution of political opponents, exit visas, Press censorship, directed literature and painting. (2) Things that are manifestly unreal: love of beauty, mutual aid, honour, justice unconstrained, liberty of expression, "joy in widest commonalty spread." "The Communist parties of the world," in whom Mr. Berger places his faith, are also a reality, and I would add them to the first list. The anti-Communist parties of the world are also a reality, and I see no reason for associating them with my second list. I still question our society's values, as earnestly as ever and as earnestly as Mr. Berger, but I refuse to resolve such questioning by violence. "*Qu'on manie la force ou qu'on soit blessé par elle, de toute manière son contact pétrifie.*" (Simone Weil).

HERBERT READ

SIR,—I was interested by last week's letter from nine rank-and-file members of the I.C.A., but their mere list of exhibitions does not refute my argument about the Institute's bias. It is a question of the emphasis of the exhibitions, their presentation and their selection. May I give just three examples?

In their first exhibition, *40,000 Years of Modern Art*, 30 out of 101 paintings, covering the period 1907-47 were surrealist or surrealist-inclined. That is surely disproportionate representation.

The catalogue to an exhibition, innocuously entitled *Collages and Objects*, quotes an artist:

> I do all sorts of things to them [his works]—put them in the rain, throw beer on them . . .

The helpful introduction to another exhibition, called *Opposing Forces*, includes the following sentence:

> All these calligraphics whether dionysiac or coldly lucid, ghostly exorcisers or mystic and erotic, create new spaces qualitatively revealed to us by the intuition of the visionaries of this transcended Real—a Real which has, at any rate physically if not directly, the most adventurously epic of references on the level of post-romantic psychology, relationships of uncertainty, transfinities and amazing topological combinations as well as the logic of contradiction.

My good faith is questioned because I have "consistently limited" my visits to the I.C.A. to those necessary for my job. This is simply untrue. Until I was convinced that the Institute was going fast in what I believe to be a futile direction, I attended and took part in a good many discussions, and even served on one of their committees. Finally, I did not say the I.C.A. was entirely useless. I questioned whether the £1,500 which the Arts Council gives the Institute, might not be *better* used. I still question that.

JOHN BERGER

PRICE FIXING

SIR,—To compare, as Mr. Ricketts does, the "Kangaroo Courts" of trade associations to the disciplinary councils of the learned professions is a gratuitous insult to the latter. May I remind your correspondent that no doctor or solicitor has yet been struck off the rolls for rendering an account deemed too low by his colleagues? I have also yet to learn where a trader has had his supplies withheld because he was guilty of overcharging, supplying a new part where a minor repair would have sufficed, or sending out faulty work.

M. HARRIS

Dublin.

LAWRENCE'S BICYCLE

SIR,—Although outside my province, I may be able to help David Garnett on what he calls "the crucial question" of Lawrence's Morris bicycle.

James Leasor in his recent biography of Nuffield states that in the year 1900 he held seven speed championships in three counties, and that he did not retire from cycle racing until the year 1902. He stated that at this time he was selling cycles as fast as he could make them, but was already interesting himself to an increasing degree in motor cycles, of which he built the first under his own name in 1900, but did not market until 1904-5.

As it seems unlikely that more than a very few Morris motor cycles were sold to the public in the years 1900-1901, it is correspondingly likely that at least some bicycles were sold in order to maintain the business on a profitable level.

The Motor. LAURENCE POMEROY

MORE FLAVOUR

The pure white plastic fibres of the tip—an exclusive feature of Grosvenor—yield more flavour from the fine tobaccos. A cool yet satisfying cigarette—and these extracts from letters tell you what other smokers think of Grosvenor Tipped.

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"... I like them immensely ... they are a very cool smoke ... at the price of 5/- for 5/7d., handsomely packed as they are, I think that Grosvenor must make a strong impact on the market."
—E. W. F., London, E.C.4.

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—R. A. L., London, S.W.1.

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IN BOXES
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What's happened to BREAD?

A lot of people are asking this question. The answer is that THINGS DON'T JUST HAPPEN TO BREAD; the baker produces the kind that people seem to want. So you see, it's up to you. There's white, National white, brown, wholemeal, and wheatgerm bread. Each is different, each is good, but for high food value wheatgerm bread is outstanding.

It's made from bran-free flour to which the miller has added eight to nine times *extra* wheatgerm. So why don't we all eat Hovis—the wheatgerm bread? Maybe one day we will—when everyone knows how good it is, how good it tastes. Don't just take our word for it—let's look at what actually has been happening to bread.

Inside information

Strip off the wheat-grain's outer husk (the bran) and inside is the starchy white kernel and the wheatgerm. It's from the white kernel alone that the whitest flour is made, and, if you like it, this makes the all-white loaf that seemed so desirable in the days when we couldn't have it.

The heart of the wheat

The heart of the wheat-berry is the wheatgerm from which, when it is sown, the new plant grows. Small though it is, the wheatgerm contains an extraordinarily high proportion of wheat's natural flavour and goodness.

National white bread

National white may not have the gleaming whiteness of some white bread, because it still has a little of the bran and a fraction of the wheatgerm left in it. Dieticians are in two minds about the value of bran so far as humans are concerned, but everyone agrees that the more wheatgerm we get, the better. So there's another good kind of bread for you.

What Wholemeal means

It means just what it says—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground into a flour with nothing added and nothing taken away. This means that you get all the bran (which may or may not suit you), and you lose no wheatgerm, and that's definitely a good thing.

Better and better

But wouldn't it be even better—since wheatgerm is such a good thing—if we could have not only the small original portion of wheatgerm, but a great deal more besides? Well, we can—in Hovis. Hovis flour is unique. It has no bran; that has gone to do its most useful job, feeding animals. But it has *extra* wheatgerm, between 8 and 9 times more than you can get in wholemeal.

The slice of life

This is what makes Hovis the slice of life—gives it its specially interesting flavour, and gives energy and well-being to people who eat it regularly. To our way of thinking, when it comes to wheatgerm, that makes Hovis eight to nine times better than bread was in the good old days. And you can't ask for more than that, can you?

Photograph on an Ilford film

Hovis is the Slice of Life

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Ross at the Depot

WITHHELD from the public since the Twenties when it was written, T. E. Lawrence's *The Mint** is one of those time bombs of literature which fail to go off when the hour comes. Its mystery, kept alive by a leak here and there, a single copy circulating somewhere or other, and by people "privileged to see," has been artificial; and the habit of building up expectation of "revelations" in his work is maintained even now by issuing an unexpurgated edition in leather at extra cost. It is an odd comment on our manners that we have contrived to make the short list of four-letter words, on which an army moves, into the nuggets of a publisher's gold mine. Lawrence was, of course, writing when the revival of the rights of blasphemy and bad language was regarded as an ethical duty; but, for a later generation, military service and war have not been a novelty, linguistically or otherwise, and I doubt whether anyone under 40 will want to pay to read exactly what the soldier said so often. No scandal, no sex, no sodomy. *The Mint* is simply an earnest documentary work. It was noted down night after night in the Nissen huts of the R.A.F. Depot, records what went on in the huts and on the square and what it felt like to have one's spirit broken and to be turned into 352087 A/c Ross. This experience has become a commonplace to the majority of living males and dozens of documentaries have described the process. In waiting till 1955 the book has waited too long and discloses nothing much about Lawrence himself.

All the same, there is a curious period interest in *The Mint*. It is an arty book: Lawrence's own injured romanticism and his self-pity see to that. One sees now the pathos in the stilted originality which was worked into so much of the more ardent prose of the time and which I take to be a hangover from Meredith.

> So the appellant moon easily conjures me outside. . . .
>
> On the western slope swelled the strident activity of red-and-chocolate footballers.

Lawrence's prose attempts to attract attention to its airs and merits; he is a word prig. Occasionally, in a portrait, an eventual touch of fantasy justifies him:—

> China . . . is a stocky Camberwell costermonger, with the accent of a stage Cockney. Since childhood he has fought for himself and taken many knocks, but no care about them. He is sure that safety means to be rough among the town's roughs. His deathly-white face is smooth as if waxed, the bulging pale eyes seem lidless like a snake's, and out of their fixedness he stares balefully. . . . China has said, "F——" so often, inlaying it monotonously after every second word of his speech with so immense an aspirated "f," that his lips have pouted to it in a curve which sneers across his face like the sound-hole of a fiddle's belly.

It must be said that *The Mint* is more laboured in its first painful 165 pages which are based on notes taken certainly too close to the object; the remaining 40 pages, based on letters, are both happier in themselves and are more freely written, and this part of the book contains an excellent description of speeding on a motor bike. Lawrence wrote spiritedly about action. Another virtue of *The Mint* lies in its honest effort to get to the bottom of his subject. At first the impression is that what is unique experience for him in his egocentric way is commonplace for his fellows, but presently he notices that it will not be commonplace for them either. In 1923, with a million and a half unemployed in England, enlistment meant the open acknowledgment of defeat by life. Having lost their souls, men glumly hesitated as they handed over their last possession: their bodies.

> We include "lads" and their shady equivalent, the hard case. Also the soft and the silly: the vain: the old soldier who is lost without the nails of service: the fallen officer sharply contemptuous of our new company, yet trying to be well-fellow and not proud. Such a novice dips too willingly at the dirty jobs, while the experienced wage-slave stands by, grumbling.
>
> The dressy artisans, alternately allured and repelled by our unlimited profession, dawdle for days over their trade-tests, hoping some accident will make up their minds. Our Glasgow blacksmith given only bread and tea one day in dining hall, cried, "Aam gaen whame," muddled his trial job and was instantly turned down. That last afternoon he spent splattering crazy, non-intelligible confidences at every one of us. A dumpy lad he was, with tear-stained fat cheeks, and so glad to have failed. "Dry bread," he would quaver half-hourly with a sob in his throat. Simple-minded, like a child, but stiff-minded, too, and dirty; very Scotch.

Lawrence himself joined the R.A.F. under the name of Ross at a time of physical and spiritual exhaustion in his life when (he said) he was capable of only negative decisions. He wanted, he says, to get back to human kind and, half-way through the book, he thinks the plan has failed. It probably did fail: it was loveless and despairing. The malicious and the knowing have described Lawrence's enlistment as an example of his chronic play-acting, but human motives are rarely simple: even if he were play-acting, this is as serious and complex a compulsion as its opposite, and not less "real" or "sincere." Self-dramatisation is common among gifted men and provides its own experience. At the Air Force medical, the doctor noted, Lawrence says (no doubt with some self-infatuation) that he looked as though he had been going short of food for months. If he had, there was no need for him to have done, and he may have half-starved in a sulking desire to show he had not received sufficient attention. That does not alter the fact that a hungry man was abasing himself before the doctor. The theme of abasement already occurs in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*; in *The Mint* one is struck by the analogy with religious conversion. The book might indeed be a histrionic footnote to Alfred de Vigny's elaborate comparison of the religious and military vocations. The world is abandoned, and the gates close on the recruit, as private possessions the body and the mind are systematically destroyed, the will is thrown away, the subject is in a condition as abject as that of Saint Ignatius when he stood in rags at Montserrat; only after abasement can obedience become an instinct and the old man give place to the new man, the required automaton, fulfilled in corporate pride and corporate wholeness. That is the ultimate reward; in the interim, he sinks restfully and unresponsibly into the dull, kind, corrupt world of the closed community, where promiscuousness kills the desire for intimacy, where sex is a dirty word, and the last feeble ghosts of private life escape in groans and babblings from the lips in sleep at night. That is purgatory. It is a loss that Lawrence had to leave the R.A.F. and lost the will to describe the experiences of the technician's heaven.

To his companions, as far as so impersonal a writer can disclose it, Lawrence was an oddity. He could not swear. They were considerate about his age—he was eight years older than most and was physically exhausted more quickly than they. They admired his use of long words, they borrowed a little money. They must have seen him wince at the sight of their bullocky animality. He let them down in one respect: every man has some small advantage he can exploit; why, as a "toff," did he not exploit the fact? There was no masochism in the men, there was no point in being a "mug." This complaint came to a head in the conflict with a sergeant who was one of two or three sadists who made his life hell at the Depot in those days. This sergeant was a killer. One day, when he had reduced his squad to a helpless, gasping collection of sweating and frightened animals, he made a short inspection to finish them off, stopped in front of Lawrence and said: "'When did you have a bath? Open your collar.' thrust his hand roughly inside against my wet breast. 'Christ, the bloody man's lousy. . . . March the filthy —— out to the wash-house and scrub the —— out of him properly.'" Lawrence was marched off by Sailor, who had a great command of picturesque obscenity. The blanks lengthen in Sailor's dialogue: "God if that long —— streak of —— pokes his head in here after us, I'll knock seven different sorts of —— out of him. But, mate, you let the flight down, when he takes the mike out of you every time. Give the ignorant —— -bag a —— great gob of your toffology."

Pain is the subject of *The Mint* and it is not pain quietly borne. It is relieved by rough kindness. When Lawrence, who slept badly, went for a walk at night he was treated with sympathy, wonder and pity by the sentries. He observed their new character growing up in the men. Once the hell of drill was over and they got to the machines, they found the unconscious solace of mass men: the machines belonged to them, not to the silly fools who flew them and messed them up. Lawrence was moved by this, and the puritan in him responded to the dull self-righteousness of unexceptional people. Since he was exceptional himself he must have been divided in mind. It is pretty evident that he knew he had no place there and that the cure—that old, mystical, muddled notion of "going back to the people"—was, stunt or no stunt, a failure. The affair of the motor bicycle suggests the trouble was one that could not be solved by immolation in the corporate life. And there *The Mint* leaves us. It is, in point of writing, one of the first documentaries, tortuous

* *The Mint*. By 352087 A/c Ross. *Cape*. 17s 6d. Limited Edition: 3½ *guineas*.

and self-conscious, vivid and affected, powerful and yet weakened by shrillness and mannered introspection. Writing was not his medium. Or, rather, to be his medium it had to have the great, cruel, false, personal, romantic subject, with Carlyle's "dark curtains" coming down on it in the end. The Royal Air Force was precisely not that in 1923 and, in seeing the commonest men only in relation to their failure in civilian life and their military training, he showed his distance from them. Those writers who have succeeded in portraying common men have not made them the acolytes of the writer's own personal rituals. One is left, at the end of *The Mint*, moved by the writer's pain and nagged by the peculiarity of his case. One is not left with very much more.

V. S. PRITCHETT

PERPETUITY

Moment not of being
Out of another time
Under a different sky.
(What the river
Taker away! Giver!)

Near-by others floating
Foam astray as I am
Rapt in a bubble of joy,
Of woe, or fear of touching:
Bubbles each other lime
Join and themselves destroy.

Ever and never the same
Water and film and air
Traveller, journey and flow
(The watcher on the bank
The hoper and his plank)

Breather and blood and flame
Ash into flight into fire
Reaping to plough and to sow
Name, go dance with name!
Plenty weeps with desire,
Ago and again ago.

In perpetuity
Be here their prayer:
May *may* become
While *would* would waft
O let *let* be
Our sum, our raft, our quay.

I. A. RICHARDS

GIVING NAMES

Giving of names—the child, the fruit-tree or
Emotions moving on the mind:
Is it some truer nature we restore
When we seek the one word that will not bend
Or break or change? And when at last we find
What seems the word the object waited for
Is then the object changed, does it mean more?

All creatures leaping from the primal water
Waited for centuries until
Man became eloquent about their nature,
Dividing off the fish, the beast, the fowl
Until at last he circumscribed them all
In their particular properties. Vague matter
Seemed shaped out of the words that he could utter.

And with no symbolism then but with
Names only he enclosed them in a world
That was a world where he also could breathe.
Animals then might wander in the cold
And snowy places of the farthest north
Yet still be tethered to their namer's hold.
Names are a kind of safety which men build
Till beasts, once rampant on the upper earth,
Are drawn at last into the general fold
Where man is mute about the matter—death.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Satan's Offspring

The Old Cause: Three biographical studies in Whiggism. By JOHN CARSWELL. *Cresset Press.* 30*s.*

Distance usually lends clarity to the view so far as history is concerned. Looking back over the centuries, we escape the confusing details and see only broad, simple outlines. With the Whigs it has been the other way round. They themselves were clear enough who they were and what they stood for. "The Old Cause," "the Whig party," "the Glorious Revolution"—they knew exactly what these phrases signified. Their immediate successors found things equally simple. Not merely Lord Holland and Lord John Russell, but even Macaulay took Whig values for granted and interpreted history with their aid. Lesser historians clung to this version until only the other day. The Whigs were treated as an organised party, defending the cause of liberty in a coherent two-party system, which merged without important change into the Liberal-Conservative system of the 19th century. A storm of practical criticism blew this version away. The two-party system, even the idea of party, vanished. All our present authorities—Sir Lewis Namier, Professor Pares, Mr. Romney Sedgwick—treat of 18th-century politics without needing the Whig name. Influence, not party allegiance, is the binding force; the struggle for jobs, not the promotion of a cause, the stuff of politics.

Of course, these great authorities must be right. Their scholarship carries all before it. Anyone who dared to question their view would soon be bludgeoned into insensibility—and in any case no one would dare. But we are left timidly asking—if party meant nothing, why did contemporaries refer to it so often? If Whiggism had lost all meaning, why did men attach so much importance to being Whigs? Or—even accepting the analysis that politics were without principles at the accession of George III—how and why did principles ever come back again? Mr. Carswell has ventured out into the desolate no man's land where the answer to these questions may perhaps be found. He comes after the Namier revolution in history and accepts it; but he would like to discover what happened to Whiggism in the century and a half between the Bill of Rights and the Great Reform bill.

It is easier to commend his enterprise than his achievement. The exploration was crying out to be made, but it has not come off. Mr. Carswell's method has been to take three typical Whigs whose careers straggle over the entire period. Thomas Wharton was born just before the outbreak of the civil wars; played a leading part in the Glorious Revolution; was a member of the Junta and of the Kit-Cat club; and died appropriately just after the Hanoverian succession. Certainly a perfect Whig of the first generation—a strict Puritan by upbringing, a rake and duellist in adult life, yet always practising some sort of political doctrine. George Dodington does equally well as the representative of Whiggism in mid-course: plump, greedy, an intriguer for office yet rarely in it, he helped to overthrow Walpole in 1742 and therefore, Mr. Carswell thinks, carried out an act of liberation second only to that of the Revolution. However that may be, George Dodington, born Bubb, was certainly the sort of Whig whom people imagine when they want to laugh. Charles James Fox, the third Whig, explains himself: the greatest figure of Whig legend, the historic link between old Whiggism and new, the reformed gambler who became the first Liberal orator—without ever quite reforming.

It ought to make a pattern, but it fails to do so. Mr. Carswell forgets his own pattern except in the introduction. He rattles on about the private life and eccentricities of his characters without reflecting much whether the particular piece of information has any relevance to the general theme. Wharton just survives this treatment. He was a reasonably important historical figure, and the essay on him draws a portrait of a Whig politician, though rather an elusive one. But George Dodington, Lord Melcombe? He won't do at all. Browning wrote an unreadable poem about him in that strange series, Parleyings with certain People of importance in their Day—to which Chesterton rightly added, "but of none in ours." And Chesterton has certainly said the last word about George Bubb. He is and was of no importance at all. It is no good Mr. Carswell trying to justify him by his voluminous unpublished diary, now at Harvard. Thank heaven that it is unpublished!

Charles James Fox can give life to any writer, especially to one so naturally spirited as Mr. Carswell. Unfortunately he tails off at this point. He says enough has been written about Fox already; perhaps he got bored. At all events, he gives us mainly Fox gambling at Brooks's and exaggerating his emotions against Warren Hastings. The other side of Fox hardly appears. Mr. Carswell undoubtedly got hold of a good subject, and he even started with a clear idea. He intended to show that Liberty is justified of her fruits, even when these turn out to be George Bubb. But the argument got lost somewhere on the way. What remains are clever remarks, long stretches of the historic present, and a rather slighting judgment on one of the greatest men in English history.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Intent to Defraud

The Piltdown Forgery. By J. S. WEINER. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The fluorine test measures not absolute age but the relative age of bones found in the same place. When it was first used by Dr. Oakley on the Piltdown skull no difference in age could be found between the skull proper and the jaw, which were estimated to be at most only 50,000 years old. This at once made the combination of man-like skull and ape-like jaw more absurd than ever: for if they belonged to one individual, what was he doing at such a late date pretending to be a missing link, without having had any ancestors and without leaving any progeny; while if skull and jaw came from two individuals, human and ape, what was a fossil ape doing in England?

It was after a paleontological congress, during which the fossil bones had been shown, that Dr. Oakley mentioned a curious fact to Dr. Weiner: there was no record of the exact place where the second Piltdown man had been found. This set Dr. Weiner thinking about the whole affair. The remarkable feature of Piltdown man lies neither in jaw nor skull but in their combination, the proof of this combination being the flat wear of the molar teeth which is characteristic of man and not of ape. But the ape-man which such a combination forces one to imagine is too bizarre to be credible, as the large number of argumentative papers on the subject goes to show. However, Dr. Weiner reasoned, if one assumed that the jaw in fact belonged to an ape, could it possibly belong to a fossil one? and if to a modern one, how about those teeth? They could hardly be so worn unless they had artificially been ground down, and if they had been ground down then the jaw must have been deliberately put into the gravel pit at Piltdown some time after the fragments of skull had been discovered there, in order to make them more spectacular.

This interesting conclusion led to a whole series of complex tests being carried out. The fluorine test, now made much more sensitive, was repeated and this time made it quite plain that while the skull itself was old, the jaw could only be modern; a result consistently repeated in the other tests, for nitrogen, collagen, water, sulphate and so on, even for radio-activity. The tests showed, besides, that both skull and jaw were artificially stained brown, as though by iron, as was one of the flints found near them; further.

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they showed that none of the numerous fossil bones and teeth found at Piltdown could possibly have come there naturally—not even the skull itself.

With this awful discovery the affair became interesting in another way. Piltdown man remains what he is, a missing link, though no longer between two stages of man's physical history; he is instead a link between paleontological fact and a stage in the growth of evolutionary theory. Dr. Weiner gives an illuminating account of this, by describing the sequence of events at Piltdown and the men involved. A hoax can only be successful where enthusiasm and expectation go together. Darwin's hypothetical ape-man had an enormous hold on the scientific imagination, and many people hoped that if Pliocene deposit was found in the South Downs the remains of Pliocene man would be found too. Piltdown man was an extraordinary fulfilment of these desires; indeed, a desire for further evidence had only to be expressed for further evidence to be discovered. For example, once the reconstruction of the skull had been made, it was felt that a convincing proof of Piltdown man being one person and not two would be the discovery of a canine tooth showing a particular kind of wear. Nine months later a tooth was found "almost identical in form with that shown in the restored cast," as Dawson wrote. Of course, the whole assemblage of bones and implements had been carefully chosen for effect. Thus the animal bones and teeth were certificates of age; the flints, being of exceedingly poor workmanship "unlike any known or defined industry," as Ray Lankester put it, were certificates of primitive humanity; while the unlikely weapon of fossil elephant bone had, it seemed, no purpose but to provide, in Reginald Smith's words, "a new and interesting problem, such as would eventually provoke an ingenious solution."

However, some people continued to think the Piltdown assemblage so odd that it could only be explained as the result of coincidence. Piltdown man the second was thus luckily discovered, among the stones raked off from an unspecified plough-field. A human molar had been found there with pieces of skull, together with a fossil hippo tooth; it was in fact a repetition of Piltdown the first, being "a tale of fabricated rarities, of insecure provenance, found in ill-defined circumstances."

Who did it? and why did the hoax succeed? The hoaxer certainly had a lot of luck: the first X-ray photograph of the jaw was so poor that the roots of the teeth were not properly visible; the chemical analysis of the jaw, which should have been carried out by the Uckfield public analyst, a friend of Dawson's, was never done; and the field-work, though appallingly recorded, was carried out by men of such standing that it was almost unthinkable to question their motives. And yet, of course, motive was questioned, and on this fascinating problem, too, Dr. Weiner has much to say, although he cannot give a positive answer. Still, as a frustrated believer in eoliths was once compelled to write, "Watch C. Dawson. Kind regards."

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To Peace Through Obscenity

Aristophanes' Lysistrata: An English Version
By DUDLEY FITTS. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

The Old Comedy, now represented by ten of the surviving plays of Aristophanes, is one of those areas of Greek literature where laymen suspect the enthusiasm of the expert. Can it really be as good as that? Purely as comedy perhaps not. I feel that despite the beauty of the lyrics, the roaring fantasy, the persisting "characters," it does not excel so absolutely as, say, Homer or the historians; but its ambience is so extraordinarily interesting that we should not be surprised if it is sometimes overpraised as literature.

Not very far developed from a phallic ceremony the plays were holy in so far as they kept to a ritual pattern of obscenity, attack upon one element in the state and defence of another. The audience was addressed as the minor politicians of Athens; the major ones were often brought upon the stage. It was an Athens involved in twenty-seven years of aggressive war and guilty of oppression, extortion and atrocities. To them Aristophanes presented, with the combined authority of Itma and an archbishop's sermon, his conservative themes, "Get rid of the tanner Cleon"—his position was comparable with Churchill's—"Stop this intolerable, useless, unjust war, or if you must continue, fight it without atrocities." The comedies seem to have had no adverse effect on the Athenian will to resist; perhaps they enhanced it. But it may be that the gibes Aristophanes made in free Athens about Socrates, whom he probably admired, tipped the balance at the philosopher's trial after the Old Comedy had been suppressed.

Lysistrata was written in the year following the Athenian disaster in Sicily, a Dunkirk from which ships and men did not return. It is the playwright's most serious plea for peace. With the aim, I believe, of investing it with strong religious sanction he found a plot in which he could play the phallic jokes even harder than usual: the women of Athens combine with the women of Sparta to forbid their husbands any love-making till the war is stopped—so it is. The stock thing to say here is that while we may find the jokes funny we can't find them respectable, and that a modern performance of the play has the wrong effect by seeming outrageous. But is this so? It is a type of humour which so far from corrupting or depraving is at any rate "felt" to have exactly the opposite effect—as in a wardroom of naval officers roaring through the middle watch in songs of fabulous obscenity. Since one of the strongest impressions one picks up from *Lysistrata* is that marital relations were then far more satisfactory than they are now, one hopes that those who care for morals will study the Old Comedy as well as the Old Testament.

This new American version goes very well indeed. In the dialogue, which is translated into a contemporary form of blank verse, Mr. Fitts has taken a good deal of trouble to get at Aristophanes's meaning, but where there is tension between that and the need not to seem too outlandish on the modern stage, the latter wins. It's a delight to read, it can be spoken, it could be acted. The lyrical passages are impressionistic, the pieces of Greek gathered up and reissued in a different order with some left out and a little added. The Americans are lucky to have a living tradition of folk music that could easily fit tunes and rhythm to these jazzy echoes of the fifth century. I'd like to hear what they make of them.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Air View of the City

Great Cities of the World: Their Government, Politics and Planning. Edited by WILLIAM A. ROBSON. *Allen & Unwin*. 63s.

The very large city is a phenomenon of recent history. When William Cobbett described London as "the Wen," he did not foresee the eruption of wens the whole world over, from Australia to North America. As the large cities have grown in size during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, they have challenged most accepted notions of government and of morality, and have forced social commentators either to eulogise or to muckrake. "Where the carcase is, the vultures gather together," exclaimed the American Francis Parkman: "the concentration of citizens, like the concentration of soldiers, is a source of strength," wrote the Tynesider Joseph Cowen. City studies have swung between these two poles, from pride to shame, from horror to enthusiasm.

Professor Robson, the editor of this compendious volume of almost 700 pages, has tried to eschew extremes and to maintain at all times the modest demeanour of the political scientist. His subject is the struggle of the great city, encased in an obsolete governmental shell, to grapple with mounting difficulties and to solve problems which cannot be overcome without drastic reforms. He has collected together eighteen individual essays on particular cities, neatly arranged in alphabetical order from Amsterdam to Zurich, and has prefaced them with a hundred-page introduction, directing attention to what he considers the main themes. The authors of the essays were commissioned by him to present a rounded picture of "the actual working" of great municipalities rather than to provide a detailed account of statutes, regulations and legal documents: the introduction is intended both to lead in and to sum up. It concludes with an exhortatory peroration, and the familiar but still potent comparison between today's "overblown, dropsical city of elephantine proportions" and "the ordered, coherent, decentralised metropolitan region" of tomorrow.

Taken as a whole, this ambitious attempt to explore comparative government and to reveal what problems all cities have in common cannot be counted a complete success. Many of the studies are flimsy and inadequate, like that of Zurich: others, like that of Rome, are much too formal and stilted. The main weakness, however, can best be discerned in the choice of the 74 handsome illustrations. A large number of them are aerial photographs, flattering the cities which they depict: of the rest, about a score are of the type usually found in travel agents' offices—Sugar Loaf Mountain and a luxury hotel in Rio de Janeiro, for example, or a summer-night scene in Old Stockholm. While the text is heavy with urban problems, the many illustrations gleam with urban achievement, and only in the chapter on Moscow is the paradox allowed to wither away in an artificial atmosphere of post-capitalist contentment.

A careful reading of the text shows that it, too,

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presents its own brand of aerial photograph, not usually a flattering one but an overall view which leaves out a mass of significant detail that would only be meaningful at eye-level. Some of the sketchy historical information could profitably have been spared if more social detail had been introduced. In only a few of the chapters is the social framework of the city discussed in anything more than a perfunctory way, and it is left to a Brazilian lawyer to point out that "it is difficult to explain without going into details the relationship between the political power system and the social structure." In most of the studies, liberal generalities take the place of social probing, and we are confronted with congenial platitudes, like that of the Argentinian Professor Bielsa, who maintains that "the municipal problem is one of civic education, of the republican spirit, of respect for the law and for the interests of the community of citizens." Professor Walker's excellent essay on Chicago helps to show why such platitudes cannot take us very far.

When dismissing the lawyer from these pages, Professor Robson would have been wise to have enlisted the services of a sociologist. Many of the problems discussed in the introduction—political apathy, for instance, or the implications of the exodus to the suburbs—cannot be considered in formal political or administrative terms. Nor can the advantages and disadvantages of urban life be judged entirely according to the canons of civic consciousness. One of the most fascinating of all writers on the city, Lincoln Steffens, wrote his *Shame of the Cities* from material "which reporters know and don't report": the same sort of material would be equally indispensable to any would-be author of the *Pride of the Cities*. It is the absence of such material from Professor Robson's volume which lifts the reader high above the ground, watching the sprawling cities below and wondering in very general terms how best to re-plan them.

ASA BRIGGS

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The Siege of the Ivory Tower

Art Under a Dictatorship. By H. LEHMANN-HAUPT. *Oxford.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

This is a book that everybody interested in the relationship between art and contemporary history should read—and criticise. It is neither, in my opinion, profound nor just; but it raises issues that are seldom raised, includes much factual information hitherto unpublished, and will stimulate anybody who is prepared to think about the connection between art and politics to do so. The author, particularly interested in publishing and the graphic arts, was born in Berlin in 1903. In 1929 he went to the United States, where he has since remained. After the war he worked with the American Military Government, and during this time was able to renew his acquaintance with many German artists in whose history during the last thirty years he is passionately, almost guiltily, interested.

In this book he traces the development of German art, not so much in terms of actual paintings and sculpture as in terms of policy, from the Weimar Republic through Nazism to the present day, in which he sees definite signs of a Nazi resurgence. In a separate section he deals far less fully with Soviet art which he equates completely with Nazi art. And in his summing-up he reviews the contemporary situation in America, where, for instance, a City Council recently set up an inquiry into "Modern Art," during which it was seriously suggested that various canvases were a means of espionage, showing the weak spots in American fortifications!

One of his most interesting conclusions from his study of Germany is that some art-forms are very much more susceptible than others to corruption. The Nazis were determined to use (abuse) every form of artistic activity. Their art-historians and archæologists supplied the myths (Cain was a true German: Abel was not), their painters supplied the sadist-aphrodisiacs, their sculptors the blood-heroics, their architects the monuments of conquest (space became "a strategic concept"), their craftsmen the true Nordic embellishments for the true Fatherland households. At least that was the comprehensive plan. In fact, they succeeded very well in getting the paintings they wanted, almost as well in sculpture, considerably less well in architecture and hardly at all in the crafts. The logic of this suggests that the more æsthetics, in contrast to the practical demands of the medium, govern an art-activity, the more susceptible it is to outside corruption; the purity of æsthetics is defenceless.

As I say, I consider this book neither profound nor just. Its comparative superficiality and its prejudices are the result, I think, of the author's anarchic belief in the total freedom of the individual. He is a passionate anti-Nazi because the Nazis violated the rights of the individual. Yet surely what made (or makes) the Nazi movement one of the foulest in all history is something even worse than its despotism—its deliberate corruption of the social man, its turning of natural social co-operation into hysterical aggression and hate. I am sure that Mr. Haupt would theoretically agree with that. But what really makes his blood boil is any collective plan, regardless of its aim. Because of this exclusive emphasis on the individual case, he gets his picture somewhat out of perspective. He is indignant that the Nazis should have ordered a fine publisher to produce one single copy of a book as a special present for the Führer, and he rightly points out that this is cynical mockery of the whole idea of the printing press. But he says almost nothing about the far more evil and dangerous social fact that nearly all Nazi art stimulated forms of sexual perversion. At other times his attitude leads not to omission but exaggeration. It is now a generally recognised fact that the first theories about child art over-emphasised the freedom that the child should be given; yet Mr. Haupt accuses the German pedagogues, who began pointing this out in the late Twenties, of paving the way for Nazism.

It is also this same attitude that leads Mr. Haupt to misunderstand Soviet art. Both Nazi and Soviet art are equally far removed from his theoretical ideal of the totally free artist. But that is not to say that they have anything else in common. In fact this is a mistake frequently made. Black is called white simply because neither of them is blue. Mr. Haupt describes how students in an East German University put *public* pressure on one of their professors to make a statement condemning the atom bomb. He then implies that this amounts to the same thing as the *police* pressure the Nazis put on public figures to make, say, anti-Semitic statements. For Mr. Haupt the fact of any pressure is more important than its form or what it leads to. Yet the huge difference between the morality and effect of these two cases is the constant difference between Nazi and Soviet art—not even the most virulent anti-Communist could, for example, accuse Soviet art of encouraging sexual perversions.

Often Mr. Haupt's short-sightedness in this respect leads him to quite untrue conclusions. He refers to an East German article which pointed out that the influence of Kaethe Kollwitz could lead to unduly pessimistic work—a perfectly reasonable point—and concludes from this that she is being written off, being "betrayed," ignoring the fact that subsequently the most handsome book ever produced about her work was published in East Germany.

In short, Mr. Haupt is a romantic æsthete, hating all moral or immoral intervention. He valiantly defends an ivory tower against all intruders—commissars, senators, gauleiters. Ivory towers are usually civilised and gentle places, but they are not, as the protest of this book implies, the strongholds of humanity.

JOHN BERGER

New Novels

The Man from the Sea. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fellow Passenger. By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Cassia. By MANFRED CONTE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The adventure story has travelled a long way since Anthony Hope, and mostly, morally speaking, down-hill. It is not only that sex has reared its ugliest head in so many of them, especially the American, but that violence—and perhaps this is only the same thing in another form—is no longer a mere cog of the mechanics, it is dilated on for its own sour sake. Even the shots in the novels of, say, Raymond Chandler—and shots of course are the least of it—seem to be gloatingly fired, whereas in the earlier tradition they were much more like impersonal hazards, mere occupational risks. One reason for finding Mr. Michael Innes's thrillers so attractive is that he returns to that tradition, bringing a breath or two of fresh air from the Buchan country into the squalors of a branch of fiction that is in danger of becoming an urban slum.

Mr. Innes has yet another claim to the attention of one class of reader—he is literate and doesn't, in the prevailing fashion, pretend to be the opposite; on the contrary, he uses this consciously as one of his main weapons. The non-literary may find this tiresome and call it affected; but to the literary it is exactly the bait; and some bait to persuade us in is, it seems, a necessity. For the adventure story is addressed to the fourteen-year-old in all of us and we can only allow that side of our personalities to curl up uninhibitedly with a book if the adult top-layer has first been lulled. Even those who enjoy Mr. Raymond Chandler rationalise their pleasure in his highbrow horror comics by telling us that his

picture of American life is profounder than the sociologists'. (Let us hope, by the way, that it is a rationalisation; heaven help us all if it is not.)

Mr. Innes makes, then, the consciously literary approach, and he does it so brilliantly in the first ninety pages of *The Man from the Sea* that I for one was prepared to swallow the rest whole. The undergraduate doctor's son who is playing hide and seek on the beach at midnight with the lady of the big house is, on his side of the cove, suddenly distracted. "What had appeared to be a blob of seaweed floating in on the tide became the head of a swimmer. The swimmer dropped his feet to the seabed and started to wade ashore." And there ensues a duel between the highly intelligent and subtle stranger and the by no means stupid boy, every bit as thrilling as the adventures which flow from it. The stakes are precisely the adventure—whether, that is, the boy will or will not give the stranger the help he needs. The older man strikes with some subtlety at the younger one's sense of guilt; for his affair with the woman "old enough to be his mother" was an under-the-belt hit-back at her daughter who had turned him down, and the affair now might be discovered. That was the young man's weakness, and his strength, from the stranger's point of view, that he was a romantic idealist. He would answer an appeal if the stranger could find the right terms to put it in, and they were not easy terms to discover. A knowledge of both Conrad and Henry James would be a help:

> The man from the sea had been fumbling for the cigarette packet in his turn. But at this he stopped and was strangely still. "Dishonour?" he asked unemotionally. "It's the same as disgrace, isn't it?"
>
> "No."
>
> The man from the sea laughed—but his laughter had no effect upon an indefinable sense of crisis that had built itself up in the summer-house. "I should have thought that it was only in rather deeper waters that one learned that."
>
> "What do you know about it?"
>
> "Didn't I come from them before your eyes? Let me have the matches, will you?"
>
> Cranston pushed the box across the table. "It's dishonour when you have to say *never*. Never, never, never."

The man from the sea discovers his terms and from then on we are hurried forward on a scurry of plain escape. Perhaps it is true that Mr. Innes is careless about detail, and leaves too many questions unanswered, but his pace is brisk, the adventures exciting and excitingly told, and above all he keeps to the very end the interesting ambiguity of the man from the sea. If the actual story is less good than Buchan, it is in the same class, and the framework is decidedly more intriguing.

Mr. Geoffrey Household's *Fellow Passenger* is, perhaps, not up to his best. His method is the picaresque. The narrator is on the run having failed to burgle a minor Harwell, and put himself into an altogether higher priority category, the suspected spy and traitor. His ingenuity in avoiding capture leads to a variety of odd encounters; he hides in the Cathedral presbytery, becomes a vagrant artist, joins a circus as an elephant trainer, gets himself stowed away on a Russian ship and there plays a neat political grand slam hand and, going only one down, is rescued from a buoy in the Thames estuary. Mr. Household is never at a loss for a neat dodge or an unexpected twist, but what he is at a loss for is a point of view. His narrator promises a much more interesting commentary on the English scene than he ever provides: we are led to expect that the cake of adventure will be iced with either satire or comic observation, for the man is an outsider in every sense, but the comedy is always within the borders of the facetious. A thoroughly readable yarn, but a slightly unsatisfying book.

The bait with *Cassia* is the international scene, the disintegration of post-war Europe, the collapse of values. But this element would only work if the protagonist, a tough and brilliant young man with a talent for etching, was a great deal more thoroughly examined and displayed as a character. As it is, this element slows down rather disastrously at the beginning a tale that, once it gets going, does hold the attention in spite of being unnecessarily longwinded. Forgery is the question, forgery of hundred dollar bills, and it is a long trail not too dotted with false coincidence that leads Winthrop, an American amateur of forgery, to the right solution. If the beginning is skimmed and the whole first half skilfully skipped, the second part is still long enough and exciting enough to keep us curled up for a snowy evening.

RICHARD LISTER

One Man's Magic

Spells. By F. MCEACHRAN. *Blackwell.* 15*s.*

Spells is not, some readers may be disappointed to find, a handbook of necromancy. A "spell," in the compiler's definition, consists of "concentrated poetry, of sound or sense," giving, particularly when read aloud, an effect of incantation. This volume is a collection of such passages, varying in length from a single word to about twenty lines. To each of these, Mr. McEachran has added discursive notes which face the quotation on the opposite page—a practical arrangement.

What sort of comment, though, does such a collection invite? The culling of "beauties" from literature is not a new pastime: a puritan taste may even find something faintly immoral about it—five hundred sensually ecstatic fragments wrenched for our excitement out of their orderly context: a diet of nightingale's tongues. It sometimes happens also that the imposing of another man's magic induces nothing more than a sullen resistance in the reader or recipient. Moreover, since the compiler has laid down his own terms, he would seem to have undermined any critical approach from the start.

But the human, the fallible and variable element is strong, even in the collecting of other people's writing. This displays, as it must, the selector's alert and particular taste: romantic, literary, nervously responsive, "good," yet adventurous; its point of nostalgia evidently lying in the few years just after 1930. In the course of a brief introduction Mr. McEachran contrasts the two kinds of impact that poetry makes on the human sensibility—that of traditional beauty (Shakespeare's, Wordsworth's, Tennyson's), and that of the direct "sensory" impression which a new poet makes on his generation. His preference for the second kind of poetic experience gives a certain energy to the anthology: also, in spite of its range, an oddly local or period air. It does offer as well a rough clue to the idiosyncracies of inclusion and omission. But for the compiler fashion can be a treacherous guide. Readers who have not looked at them for some time may be surprised to find how camphorous a whiff rises from the mannerisms of Mr. Auden's early poems, for instance. Yet fashion notwithstanding, how remarkable a poet (this book reminds us again) was the early Mr. T. S. Eliot.

For it is Mr. Auden and Mr. Eliot (Prufrock period) who furnish by far the largest number of passages. Though if we cast the net carefully we shall also find "A slumber did my spirit seal" "Bring water, nard, and linen rolls," "O Singer of Persephone," "Lo where Maeotis sleeps," "The corn was orient and immortal wheat," "Et Jehanne la bonne Lorraine," "Eleale to the asphaltic pool," "*Sunt lacrimae rerum*": as well as

> Come to our well-run desert,
> Where anguish arrives by cable;
> And the deadly sins can be bought in tins,
> With instructions on the label.
>
> This busie trade of life appeares most vaine
>
> But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris lambs could not forgive. No, nor worms forget.
>
> One drop, one drop, I would that one sweet drop
> Would tingle on my pearl tipp'd fingers top

—a carefully catholic selection. There is not one of the genuine Anglo-Saxon spells, though there *is* the fine refrain from the *Battle of Maldon*. And there are no ballads, not even *Loving Mad Tom*. This is a very interesting touchstone. Clearly Mr. McEachran, in his spell-compounding, puts no trust in the unartificial naive.

Still, for a number of unfamiliar passages and not a little stimulus and entertainment we may be grateful. Much of this is lying in the notes which range from a quibble—perfectly tenable—about Shelley's metaphors to some rather inconsequently petulant social comment. (Mr. McEachran's temper would seem to be not of a liberal kind.) As for the book's original purpose—the incantatory quality of the spells has, we are told, been demonstrated by (or on) the pupils of Shrewsbury School. Yet, from the point of view of the chanters, may not the chief virtue lie in the *finding* of the magic passages out of a larger context? It might be part of the mystery, but it is not a merit, that Mr. McEachran has made it impossible for all but the most calculating of critics to verify his reflections, by omitting to furnish an index.

NAOMI LEWIS

To America with Love and Hate

God's Country and Mine. By JACQUES BARZUN. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Resting awhile from his considerations of romanticism and Berlioz, Professor Barzun has produced a very odd book indeed. It is at once a defence and a criticism of what is called in America the American way of life; "a declaration of love spiced with a few harsh words" is its sub-title. The first part of his book consists of a passionate defence, as against the criticisms of American life most commonly expressed

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by European intellectuals. One would think Professor Barzun, as an immigrant from France, would be the ideal man for the job; in fact, the dummies he puts up to express the European point of view show that he has scarcely begun to understand it, as at any rate it was put by such an intelligent critic as Mlle de Beauvoir in *America Day by Day*. And a moderately progressive English reader, contemplating these early pages of Professor Barzun's, might wonder whether he was dealing with the United States at all. In these pages, though he calls it America, Professor Barzun is really defending industrial democracy and the liberal notion of progress. He might indeed be describing the welfare state in contemporary England, and in his general tone he reminds one of the reader who a few weeks ago wrote a letter to the editor of *Time* pointing out the evil connotations of the word "capitalism," and suggesting that these could be removed by prefixing to it the word "social."

Having demonstrated his love, Professor Barzun turns to the attack, and aims a succession of swinging blows at his foster-country. They vary in weight. The income-tax laws discriminate against intellectuals. The keys they sell you with sardine tins won't open tins. Prefabricated kitchen units are so made that the draining boards form an absolutely level surface next to the sink. The railways are not what they were. The postal service is a scandal: "In large cities more and more people say to each other: 'I'll bring it around myself—the mail isn't safe'." In New York the public transport is inefficient and dangerous; the city is filthy; and if you walk in the parks at night you get your teeth knocked in and your valuables taken. Landlords are despots, and so are doctors. Advertising is so all-pervasive that Americans live in a world of illusion. Moreover, Americans don't understand sexual love and are tyrannised over by their children. And much else, for Professor Barzun is nothing if not a wide-ranging critic. The curious thing is he manages to sound, except for his discussions of sex, exactly like the oldest inhabitant of a residential hotel in Budleigh Salterton taking down his hair about the degeneracy of England.

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Well, it's nothing to do with us: Professor Barzun has had his fun and, having purged himself of his ambivalences, can go back to Berlioz. His defence of America, and his criticisms, which are not new, would have been more effective if couched rather more temperately and less verbosely. And, too often, he gives the impression of not knowing what he is talking about, even when the facts are easily ascertainable. For instance:

> The radio, which twenty years ago was despaired of as a cultural medium, is still not Plato's Academy, but it has brought us a large repertory of classical music . . . This began in the very heart of the depression, whereas in Britain, which has many advantages of talent and monopoly, the Third Programme dates from 1946.

The inference is unmistakable and it is wrong. Only Americans will know whether Professor Barzun's judgments on their country and institutions are any less—shall we say?—slapdash.

WALTER ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Best Science Fiction Stories. Edited and Introduced by EDMUND CRISPIN. *Faber*. 15*s*.

If anyone still thinks science fiction is low-brow or brutish let them read this book of adult, intelligent stories, as far removed from the space-men of the comics as Graham Greene from the tuppenny pamphlets on sin at an Irish church door. These are mind-stretching stories and a few, even, need rather more knowledge of physics than this reviewer possesses for complete appreciation. So far, very little biology fiction has been written; one suspects this is because most biological changes involve sex rearing a possibly ugly, and at any rate very peculiar, head. There is oddly little sex here and what there is is rather conventional. But women are never looked down upon; the kind of people who are despised are politicians and business men, or scientists whose motives have been tampered with by such *canaille*. Two of the stories, including a very fine long one by James Blish, deal with religious difficulties in a fascinating and oddly sympathetic way. But nowhere is violence condoned, and the old virtues of courage, curiosity and kindness are upheld. Part of the fun is that you can hardly ever guess the ending. And most of them are not just the re-telling of an old plot in a new surrounding, but are something entirely new; one would specially recommend *Protts* for this. This is the sort of book which will disturb the gravitational field of a good many convinced highbrows and pull them along (if we've got the metaphor right) after the rising sun of science fiction.

Medicine in its Human Setting. By A. E. CLARK-KENNEDY. *Faber*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

All good clinical teachers have a personality and a message. Dr. Clark-Kennedy—"C.K." to a generation of London Hospital students which included this reviewer—has both. The message is that the patient is a human being possessing a private life which began before and will continue after his consultation, until his eventual and inevitable death: and that the doctor has a moral duty to be sufficiently cultured, sensitive and perceptive to recognise that this is so—to realise what asthma means if one has to live with it, what it is like to have an early psychotic in the house, when it is unpardonable to fiddle about with a dying man. His book is one of the wisest and the most scarifying medical studies for some days. It contains twenty-four stories—they are case-histories, or more accurately passages from a medical practice, but they differ from the usual kind in presenting both the way in which disease actually appears in our lives, and the body of troublesome, disquieting and unmanageable ethical and human decisions which one actually has to make in dealing with it. It is definitely "not nice"—it is so much easier to adopt the view that you, the doctor, are in control of the situation, and that if the patient dies it is an unfortunate accident which science could prevent. This book shows the psychology and natural history of doctoring as well as of disease, and if the student does not appreciate the incisiveness of the comment when he reads it before qualification, his seniors will.

It is for the student, nurse and practitioner, as the blurb says—not for others, or not for some others. There is much in it, including the humour, which "patients" would miss, and I doubt if quite so clear and steady a view of human hazards and of mortality is bearable even to all doctors, who are at the last "patients" themselves. The public, especially the apprehensive, would do better on George Sava—but the student ought to read it, for it will teach him a great deal of medicine of the real and not the romantic kind.

Magnificent Journey. By FRANCIS WILLIAMS. *Odhams*. 15*s*.

This is a companion volume to *Fifty Years' March*, the book Mr. Williams wrote to mark the jubilee of the Labour Party, and it is addressed to the same group of readers. Neither strictly academic nor polemical, this history of British trade unionism contains nothing new to anyone who has read Cole or the Hammonds, but for the general reader who comes fresh to the subject it is a bright introduction. It is written by an expert journalist, who knows how to skip and summarise, and to use personalities and anecdotes to tell his story. For a trade union branch secretary, or an active member of a local Labour Party, or a W.E.A. student, this book gives a fair and instructive picture of the early struggles of the unions, an account of Place, Owen and Doherty, of the Junta, the "New Model" and the "New Unionism," of Burns, Thorne, Mann and Tillett.

It becomes much less incisive as Mr. Williams moves into our own time. The moment at which the T.U.C. leadership decided to call off the General Strike was the turning point in modern trade union history; from that point, Mr. Williams writes as a public relations expert rather than a social historian. The last three chapters are superficial; there is little for Mr. Williams to criticise in the pattern laid down by Citrine and Bevin, because he approves of it, and has spent a good part of his professional life explaining and justifying it. He is aware that others criticise it, but he has not left himself sufficient space to state their criticism. Since, on his showing, each generation of trade union leaders has been unwilling to move with the times, and has denounced its critics as "disruptive agitators"—see, particularly, the Junta's attitude towards the "New Unionists" and Keir Hardie—his defensive satisfaction with things as they are now leaves out the natural ending of such a book. It reminds one of Hegel's view that the historical dialectic ended in the perfection of the Prussian State that made him a professor.

The Spoor of Spooks. By BERGEN EVANS. *Michael Joseph*. 15*s*.

"Superstitions, as Bacon said, like bats, fly best at twilight, and the twilight of a confused liberalism seems particularly favourable to them." This first sentence of Dr. Evans's book makes, you will admit, a most promising beginning for a modern Vulgar Errors. Unfortunately, the rest does not come up to it. Much of his random debunking of current mumbo-jumbo and mystagogy and the pseudo-scientific fallacies that circulate among us twentieth-century gulls, whose minds are debauched by scraps of expertise, endocrinology, psychiatry, biochemistry, picked up in newspapers and advertisements, is lively and salutary. Some of his sidelines are fascinating, among them the time lag between inventions and their application: did you know that microfilm was used in the siege of Paris in 1870? that the zip fastener was first patented in 1893?

But the effect is rather too wildly heterogeneous, as if a jackdaw had been disgorging; the writing is marred by some heavy facetiousness; and the treatment is much too superficial. Thus the chapter on Dr. Rhine ("Psi-ing In The Carolines"), though it rightly stresses the incompleteness of the statistical evidence and the markedly wishful nature of Dr. Rhine's thinking, yet leaves you with the impression that the case for the existence of telepathy, or any form of E.S.P., is not only not proven but definitely disproved, and ruled right out of court. This won't do. In these days when obscurantism is rampant,

and all border-lines are becoming increasingly nebulous, it behoves rationalists to be meticulous in their polemics. Another defect is that most of the book's source material is American, which is all very well when we are dealing with simple non-technical subjects, such as aphrodisiacs and drug-addiction, but a bit of a bore when it comes to legal niceties. Nevertheless, a useful, entertaining addition to the great *sottisier*.

So Sweet a Changeling. By RUTH ADAM. *Chapman & Hall.* 11s. 6d.

Not everyone with Mrs. Adam's knowledge of the welfare services can retain her affectionate picture of the individual caught up in them; and they are providing her with the material for a series of lively "documentary" novels. In *Fetch Her Away*, her last book, she steered her story through the maze of "child guidance," foster-mothering and after-care without ever putting a foot wrong. Her new book shows with genuine dramatic skill, and with only one lapse from verisimilitude, how cruelly—and unavoidably—the present framework of the adoption laws can hurt two simple people who have arranged their lives around a child that is not their own. The lapse that just robs it of the unqualified praise due to her last book is attributable to her mistaken belief that a motorist who commits a parking offence gets his summons from the policeman on the spot. The summons comes, usually by post, about a week later; and that interval is relevant, importantly but not fatally, to the plot of this story. It is an agonising, episodic, film-plot of a story, and its haunting burden is the phrase "footsteps were coming up the path." The footsteps punctuate the story with splashes of fear, and the happy ending comes as a crowning mercy.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,304

Set by Sam Sweet

The Christian Church has its heresies. Competitors are asked to suggest three heresies—name and description—for the non-Christian humanist. Limit, 150 words. Entries by March 1.

Result of No. 1,301

Set by Allan O. Waith

"The United States Air Force is making plans to rid Midway Island of albatrosses (also known as "gooney birds" and "mollymawks") by administering mild electric shocks. The usual prizes are offered for four prophetic verses by the Ancient Mariner.

Report

Far too many trite morals, far too few prophecies, and most of these Ancient Mariners would have had to use handcuffs to hold the Wedding Guest, so far from compelling were their tales. Perhaps only P. M. worked up a convincing atmosphere:

The compass cracked, the needle spun,
Then rockt from pole to pole,
I felt a fearful tremor run
Through my prophetic soul.

Methought a flaming spiral clomb
Midway 'twixt Old and New,
And mystic signs of *Amp* and *Ohm*
In fiery fragments flew.

There came a sound of beating wings
From where that circuit shone
And a great Voice in anguish rings—
The Gooney birds are gone . . .

Then, goonier yet, the gooney-birds
Will swiftly flock for more.

Now within clefty rocks they lay
Their insulated eggs,
Merry as tarry seamen who
Have broached French brandy kegs.

Catseye, with a side-note—"He telleth how the blessed bird is made foolish by sensual delight and cometh back for more"—made it out to be a more seductive business than one had thought:

The first mild shock will make them rock
And reel upon the shore

D. R. Peddy envisaged disaster as "He foresees an un-American way of life ahead":

Thy stars will fall; thy stripes as well;
Thy medal ribbons fade.
Beethoven's Five invade the jive
Within thy juke-box played—

while Vera Telfer slanted it the other way, making "his shipmates cry out against the Ancient Mariner for showing sympathy with the Warmongering Americans."

But most were content to forecast the more obvious dooms. H. A. C. Evans was the best of the atomic prophets: but an equal first prize (two guineas each) goes to Peter Wykeham with an altogether more sanguine prophecy. Second prize of one guinea to Pauline Phillips. Runner-up, P. M. (handicapped by a lame conclusion). Honourable mention, D. R. Peddy, Catseye.

Now hearken, Wedding Guest, to me,
That have strange power of sight:
I see winged men the ocean cross
To drive away the Albatross
From where he dwells of right.

But 'tis not with the cruel cross-bow
They come to do them ill,
'Tis with their fiendish lightning spells
They work their wicked will.

Now woe befall the crazéd wights
That know not love nor kindness!
The Spirit that once our ship did plague
Will plague them in their blindness.

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There are so many occasions when one realises how difficult it is to be well-informed on all the financial problems which arise in these complicated days. That is why our organisation includes a number of departments which are each expert in one or other of these matters—departments which deal with Foreign Exchange, which understand the complexities of Wills and Trusts, which will not get lost in the labyrinths of Income Tax and so on. Customers may, in consequence, bring to us any matter of this kind, in the confident expectation that they will receive efficient attention and sound advice.

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816, London Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
Room 8, Trades Hall, 2 Bruce Grove, N.17.
LONDON CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY
POLITICAL COMMITTEE

I see the ocean heaved on high
In many a hissing spout;
I see once more the death fires dance,
Leaping in reel and rout,
And a fearsome cloud arise and spread
To wrap the earth about.

H. A. C. EVANS

The Mariner suffereth remorse
"Oh cursed blow." As my crossbow
I cast into the tide,
A vision wavered through my brain
Of future men, who hating gain
Would shoulder Death aside.

With wires containing energy
Suspended from the rocks,
They gently urge the birds away
By mild galvanic shocks.

He foreseeth the advance of science
No dreaded curse of fog or worse
Writ on a pre-baratic*
Can hang about the necks of those
Who charge a bird with static.

But jumpeth too quickly to conclusions
Most blessed clan, exalted man!
God's creatures loath to kill,
That through the sanitary sky
Their jewelled ships may safely fly
With cargoes to goodwill!"

*Pre-baratic: a meteorological plotting chart.

PETER WYKEHAM

Great sea-birds called Albatrosses dwelling on the island, perceived the airmen with dignity
Above the base, in playful chase,
Both birds and airmen flew,
But some averred that such a bird
Could send a plane askew.
'Twas wrong, said they, with birds to play,
In their official view.

These same airmen inhospitably plan to shock these famous birds into leaving their ancient homeland
The wires are stretched from rock to rock,
The direful plot is laid.
The mollymawk with horrid shock
Shall shortly be dismayed.

Oh, man! he is a cruel thing
And now, from pole to pole,
His planes must sweep the silent sky
And creatures that were first to fly
Must suffer doom and dole.

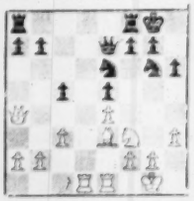
The Ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the United States to leave the birds unmolested, lest man also suffer the like fate
Without a home, these birds must roam,
Condemned by human plans,
But who's unkind to beasts may find
Their fate is also man's.

PAULINE PHILLIPS

CHESS

No. 281. In Praise of Skittles

Considering the high degree of strength and skill needed to topple a single one of the nine-pins commonly called skittles, I have often wondered why chessplayers have chosen this very term to indicate the more light-hearted approach to our serious game. Anyway, there is nothing more likely to improve one's combinative



powers than a string of "skittles," no matter how frivolously they are won or lost. Moreover, they are great fun and frequently lead to positions pregnant with combinative possibilities, such as Diagr. I, reached by E. Allan (White) against the Edinburgh Club Champion. Sparks flew within the next minute or two.

(1)	P-Kt6	RP x P	(6) Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1
(2)	Kt-Kt5!	Q-Q1	(7) R-B7	Q-Kt3 ch
(3)	Kt x P!	K x Kt	(8) K-R1	B-K3
(4)	P x P ch	K x P	(9) QR-Q7!	B x QR
(5)	R-Q6 ch	K-R2	(10) Q-Kt6	resigns.

Another well deserved chessbook token will go to A. J. Roycroft for this neat win in a recent match between the Insurance Club and London University.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(13) P-R4	P-KR4
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(14) Q-Kt5	QKt-K2
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(15) Kt(B3)xP	Kt-B4
(4)	P-K5	Kt-K2	(16) Kt-QB3	Q-Q2
(5)	B-Q3	P-QB4	(17) Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(6)	Q-Kt4	P x P	(18) P-K6	Q-K2
(7)	P-QR3	Q-R4	(19) Kt x P	Q x Q
(8)	P x B!	Q x R	(20) P x P ch	K x P
(9)	QKt-K2	Kt-Kt3	(21) B x Q	Kt-K4
(10)	KKt-B3	Kt-B3	(22) R-K1	R-K1
(11)	O-O	Q-R5	(23) R x Kt	R x R
(12)	B-Q2	P-QR3	(24) Kt-Kt6	R-Kt1

and when Roycroft continued B-KB4, soon followed by Kt-B4, his opponent resigned. An equally interesting game was won by P. C. Wason in a recent B.C.C.A. tournament; here it is from Diagr. R.

(1)	R-Q5	P-B3	(9) Q-Kt7 ch	K-Kt3
(2)	R(1)-Q1	P-Kt3	(10) R x R	R x R
(3)	Q-Kt3	KR-QB1	(11) R x R	Q x R
(4)	R-Q6	Kt-B1	(12) Kt-R4 ch	K-R4
(5)	Kt-R4	R-Q1	(13) Q-B7 ch	K x Kt
(6)	Kt-B5	Q-K1	(14) Q-Kt8	Kt-Kt4
(7)	Q-Q5	K-R2?	(15) Q-Kt7	resigns
(8)	B x RP!	P x B		

The competition in this "Readers' Own" week, I am glad to say, is entirely home-made too. The 4-pointer is a "mate in two," very easy but quite instructive for beginners. **B**—White to win—should not be too difficult for 6 ladder-points, but **C**—White to draw—is not nearly as easy as it looks and may well be worth 7 points. The author asked me to use his pseudonym rather than his name, which should be familiar to his fellow-solvers.

A: W. Goerke 1955

B: J. R. Harman 1955

C: "Rook's Pawn" 1955

Usual prizes. Entries by February 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 278 Set January 29

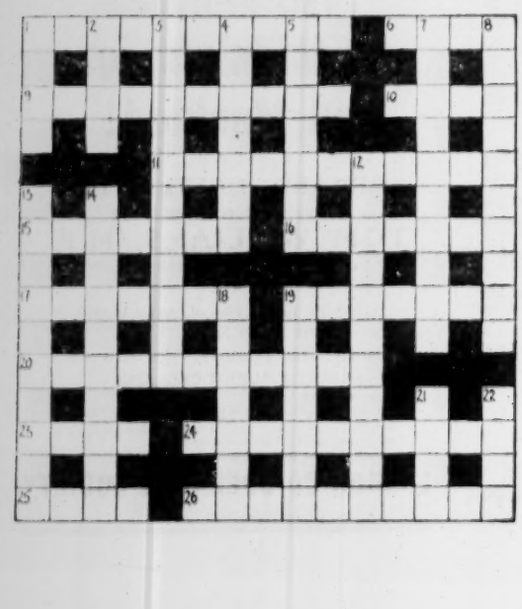
A: (1) Kt-B1? (2) B-R1! Q x B. (3) B x Kt, etc.
B: (1) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt. (2) P-Kt5, P-R6. (3) 0-0-0! (minus the R, this having been a R-odds game), and White with a P-move in hand will, in due course, win the B and the game.
C: *Key* R-Q5. If (1) P-B5. (2) R x P, K-B7. (3) P-B4 etc. If (1) P-Kt5. (2) Q-KB4 followed by P-K4 etc. If (1) P-R5. (2) Q-Q3 ch K x P. (3) R x Kt! followed by R-KB1 mate.

All but three competitors stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by: D. E. Cohen, J. Ernest, C. Sandberg. The 19th decade (three weeks overdue for reasons of space) covers really thirteen weeks, first, second and fourth prizes going to A. J. Roycroft, M. Kaye and E. A. Barclay-Smith who amassed 899, 851 and 759 points respectively since they were among the winners of the 15th decade just over a year ago. The third prize goes to A. J. Head who has totted up 786 points since starting from scratch after the 6th decade nearly three years ago.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 110

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 140, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 1.



ACROSS

1. To make pictures you may have to retail about the desires of the flesh (10).
6. Issue a period return (4).
9. Those who run the club cannot quite make a game with ten men (10).
10. This king is on one side (4).
11. Places in which natures blend with arts (11).
15. Those who talk nonsense in short paragraphs (7).
16. Swell quarter of the district (7).
17. These assemblies finally do without first class backing (7).
19. The opener starts off with a good single (7).
20. Insects which finally have to choose an age (11).
23. Believe the opposite of a foreigner's word (4).
24. Modelling material which may be used to plan cities (10).
25. The courts' chosen race? (4).
26. Lock after a successful over is a growing thing (10).

DOWN

1. The end of all these theories is the same (4).
2. King Penguin's walk (4).
3. In the turmoil of dust and age the organist is sweet on the surface (11).
4. An artist seems upset as a monarch (7).
5. A mug to beat up an admiral without end (7).
7. Gamelin turned communist and swung the lead (10).
8. Among these people residents may be found (10).
12. In time of comedy everything else takes precedence over speech (11).
13. Gambles, putting a bob on the cryptic clue being almost over their heads (10).
14. Berliner's instrument (10).
18. The morning to take a drink at a flask (7).
19. Satisfied with the tenure inside (7).
21. Type in a typical way (4).
22. Lord's match (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 138

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 138

C. S. Wilson (Nottingham), Osman Abu Kashawa (Khartoum), J. H. Dingwall (London, S.W. 19).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of International Relations; salary £A1,600. Reasonable travel and removal expenses are payable. One year's study leave, with full travel allowance, will be granted after five years' service. The Professor of International Relations, as head of the Department, will be expected to engage in research and to supervise post-graduate research into the political, legal and economic relationships between nations, especially in the Asian and Pacific regions. Notwithstanding this notification, the Council of the University retains the right to fill the Chair by invitation at any stage. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is April 30, 1955.

CANTERBURY University College, University of New Zealand. Appointment of Rector. The Council of Canterbury University College will proceed shortly to appoint a Rector, and now invites enquiries from, or suggestions concerning, suitably qualified persons. The position may be filled by invitation. Conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the undersigned, with whom applications close on April 30. James Logie, Registrar, P.O. Box 1471, Christchurch, N. Zealand.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Reader or Senior Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Anthropology. Salary scales at present: Reader, £1,250 × 50—£1,600 per annum; Senior Lecturer, £1,150 × 50—£1,500 per annum, but are under review. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 14, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

NATIONAL Institute of Houseworkers. Applications are invited for the following: (a) A resident Principal (Woman) of the Welsh Training Centre, (Mumbles Bay, Swansea.) Applicants should be either qualified teachers of Housecraft, or should have a University Degree or its equivalent and a good knowledge of housecraft. To be Welsh speaking or to have lived in Wales would be an advantage. (b) A resident teacher of Housecraft either at the Welsh Training Centre or the Harrow Demonstration Centre. Applicants should be suitably qualified and/or experienced women. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, 53 Mount St., London, W.1.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School Headship. Walworth Secondary School, Mina Road (Old Kent Road), S.E.17, for boys and girls. Headmaster or headmistress required from September, 1955. The school provides a variety of general, technical and commercial courses, including courses leading to G.C.E. and beyond. It has at present a five-form entry; a feature of the school is the developing sixth form. The school will probably be in Burnham Group XVII from April 1, 1955, and will remain in the same group for the ensuing three years. On this basis, the head teacher allowance will be £720 (headmaster), £635 (headmistress). A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS 10/Walworth obtainable from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, together with further particulars. Persons who have recently completed a similar form may apply on Form EO/TS 10B.) Closing date February 28, 1955.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School—Vacancies in September, 1955 for (1) Head of English Department—Honours degree and good experience desirable. (2) Head of Domestic Science Department—Good experience desirable. Special Salary allowances for both posts. For candidates from Great Britain a bonus towards travelling expenses may be available. Apply to Head Mistress.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Children's Welfare Officer (Female). Applications invited from women for appointment as Children's Welfare Officer. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualifications. Salary £506 - £20 - £580 plus London Weighting Allowance Grade APT. I. Further details and form of application (returnable by Mar. 1, 1955); Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapists required, salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applications, together with the names of two referees, to Physician Superintendent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RECORDING Officer required for Nigeria (Northern Region) Education Dept. for one tour of 12–24 months in first instance. Salary scale (including expatriation pay) £1,170 rising to £1,269 a year. Commencing salary according to experience. Gratuity at rate of £150 a year. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards cost of children's passages or grant up to £150 annually for maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have had experience with the B.B.C. or other broadcasting or recording organisation and have had a good general education. Experience in educational broadcasts an asset. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34772/NL.

SHORT Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 26 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Applications will also be accepted from final year undergraduates, and these will be considered in anticipation of their degree results. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with qualifications in History or English with a sound Mathematics or Science background. After two years' service, Officers will be eligible for selection for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. (2) Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st- or 2nd-Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are) so accommodated. Married Officers under the age of 25 receive Marriage Allowance of £146 per annum but are not entitled to be accommodated in Official married quarters. An initial Outfit Allowance of £115 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax-free gratuities of £900, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. (3) Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full- or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. (4) Service in the Instructor Branch will, in the case of officers who enter from contributory service under the 'Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, be treated as contributory service, contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Other officers may have their service in the Instructor Branch similarly treated if they so desire. (5) Fuller details and application forms may be obtained from Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1. Completed application forms should be returned, if possible, before May 31, 1955.

MARRIED couple required to run Residential Settlement as warden, with wife working in Clubs or house. Minimum joint salary £700 plus living accom. and board. Applns. for single warden, man or woman also considered. Three refs. req. Apply Sec., Kingstanding Settlement, Birmingham, 22C.

WANTED, Social Case-Worker, over 30, as organising secretary for well-established, developing voluntary agency. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but not less than £600 p.a. Applications and two references by Feb. 26 to Chairman, Guild of Service, 21 Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2, from whom further details can be obtained.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out, adoption supervision; after-care and other field work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date February 28, 1955. (92.)

BETHNAL Green Old People's Welfare Committee. Applications are invited for the full-time appointment of Lady Visitor at a salary within the range £550–575 p.a. Candidates must be 30 years of age or over and practical experience in the welfare of old people, particularly with regard to visiting the elderly "home bound," is a necessary qualification. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary at the Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2, to whom completed forms must be returned by Monday, February 28, 1955.

EXPORT correspondent, Male, under thirty required by West End Woollen Merchants. Knowledge French essential. German advantageous. Experienced Textiles. Good prospects and salary. No Sats. Box 4545.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDINBURGH Association for the Provision of Hostels for Women Students. The Board of Management invite application for the post of Warden of Playfair Hostel. The appointment will date from October 1, 1955, and the salary will be with placing on the scale at the rate of £400, rising by increments of £15—£15—£20 to £450. Candidates must possess a University degree and must have had experience of residence in a University or College Hall or Hostel and in the management of a Hostel or similar institution. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the Board of Management, Carlyle Hostel, East Suffolk Road, Edinburgh, to whom six copies of the letter of application should be sent not later than Monday, March 7, 1955.

NATIONAL Union of Students urgently requires Administrative Secretary to take charge of small office, good shorthand-typing essential; interesting and varied work. Apply in writing General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

ORGANISER and Leader required for Junior Club and Play Centre in East London. Box 4452.

SUMMERHILL, Kindergarten teacher for May. Housemother for September. No testimonials. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

BEATTIES of Wolverhampton have a vacancy in their Display Department for a Showcard and Ticket Writer. Experience of Silk Screen work an advantage. Must be good letterer, neat quick worker. Good salary. Profit Sharing & Superannuation schemes. Apply by letter with samples of work to Staff Controller, James Beattie Ltd., Wolverhampton.

GIRLS' Club Leader required for twin club to commence in May, preferably residential. Salary £400 per annum, less residence. Apply, stating training, experience, with three references, to The Warden, The Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

SCRIPT and Feature writer requires secretary with shorthand and accurate typing, afternoons only; West End. Box 4641.

PICTURE Gallery requires Sales Assistant, preferably combining Art training with selling experience. Apply in writing to Heal & Sons, Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

COMPETENT Secretary/Shorthand-Typist (over 21), willing to work alternate Saturday mornings, wanted for Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

BOOK KEEPER required by international organisation. Interesting work. Apply before Feb. 25 to Box 4549.

RESPONSIBLE Sec. Sh./Typist reqd. for Shipping Co., Aldwych area. Knowledge simple book keeping. Good salary. Box 4552.

GENERAL Assistant for clerical and other duties wanted by Fine Art Publishers. Box 4566.

AUTHOR seeks capable and adaptable Private Secretary. Pref. with literary or dramatic experience, and living in near W.C.1 district. Interesting work and easy but unconventional hours. Write fully stating age, experience and salary reqd. Box 4627.

OPPORTUNITY Knocks! Secretary with good shorthand-typing for London M.P. (former Cabinet Minister), £9. Also doctor's Receptionist-Secretary for W.1. Also Secretary-Receptionist for W.1. £10. Wigmore Agency, 62 Wigmore St., W.1. No fees.

PART-time Shorthand-typist or typist, English German, mostly German, required 3 days per week. Box 4590.

VOLUNTARY Society Chelsea office requires secretary; accounts; shorthand typing. £7 a week 9.30-5; no Sats. Box 4591.

SECRETARY required for Art Gallery. Typing, shorthand, knowledge of French or Italian, secretarial experience. High educational standard essential. Write, stating experience and salary required. Box 4631.

SECRETARY Sh./typist reqd. by solicitor Legal Dept. near Victoria. Box 4317.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

COPY and Shorthand Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

ARCHITECT, B.B.C. wife, need competent friendly woman join family, look after children (4, 2, baby March). Other res help. Own room. Hampstead. Box 4536.

MOTHER'S Help, young family, London. Fond of children. MOU 9995. Box 4576.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GERMAN/English Shorthand Typist/Secretary, fluent translator, used to working on own initiative, exper. publishing, insurance, engineering. Box 4560.

EXPD. expert sh/typ., knowledge French/German. Pianist. Free 20 hrs. per wk. mornings. Own machine/piano. Must earn £5 weekly. EUD. 5992 after 4 p.m.

LADY Grad. Modern Languages, at present Grammar School, varied exper., other fields, wishes change occupation for perm. part-time teaching London or Reading distr. Excellent refs. Suggestions welc. Box 4246.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. Phone ARCHway 1765.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WELL-Educated lady sks. post. Knowledge languages, nursing, housekeeping. Pref. to single person. London area. Box 4515.

ANY offers: two young Germans secretaries, good English, 10 years' office experience, shorthand-typg., book-keeping, telegramming, require job with scope. Box 4594.

SWEDISH lady architect, 30, fully qualified, seeks post as assistant to contemporary architect in April for 1–2 years. Reply to Kerstin Kohler, c/o Scharp, Ostermalmsgatan 57, Stockholm O, Sweden.

DESIGNER, 5 years' television exp., requ. post with Commercial Television. Would welcome enquiries. Box 4290.

PROMISING if modest opening on specialist journal wanted by Oxford woman graduate, exchange varied sec. experience and intelligence. Box 4514.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A LIMITED number of scholarships in all fields of study including Fine Art, Music, Drama, Ballet, is being granted to British students by the French Government for ten months' study in France beginning October, 1955. Applications should be sent to the Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1, not later than March 15.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual entrance scholarships and one exhibition for men or women who wish to train as professional artists; all awards tenable for four years. Competition in April; details from Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St. Kensington W.8 before Mar. 31.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"DEPRESSION, Slide or Recession in America, a satirical study of aspects of The Western Way of Life by "Sancho Panza" in February "Labour Monthly," 1s. 6d. all agents. Postal subs. 9s. half year from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

READ latest popular psychological works. Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Rd., Crossgates, Leeds. Books for sale.

INTERESTED in new literary trends? Read the work of both young and established writers in "Departure." 1s. 2d., or 3s. 6d. p.a., from 36 Fordel Rd., Catford, S.E.6.

AMERICAN magazines by yearly postal subscription. "National Geog. Magazine," 49s. 2d.; "Life" (Int.), 45s.; "Popular Mechanics," 32s.; "Popular Photography," 36s.; complete price list free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for Lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

OLD and 2nd-Hand Books. Recent lists include Eng. History; Scotland; Ireland; London; Russia; N. America; Art; Lit. Criticism; Natural History; Classical; Scandinavia; Mod. Engl. Literature. Each sent free. Bayliss, 62 Highbury Hill, London, N.5.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess, German, music, travel. Lists. A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Rd., Tolworth, Surrey.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a, Boundary Rd., NW.8. MAI. 5030.

DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 2424.

WE buy libraries, social-economic lit., Penguins, Reprint, R.U. review copies. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

SCHOOLS

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-educational). Entrance and Scholarship tests (maximum age of entry 14) will be held at the School, March 29-31. Scholarships are awarded for general or particular ability, including Art and Music. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

COTSBROOK Hall Preparatory School stands in a very healthy situation where boys are well fed, well cared for and well taught. Opened 1950. Existing accommodation allows vacancies for ten boarders. For prospectus apply Headmaster, Cotsbrook Hall, Shifnal, Shropshire. Tel. Ryton 205.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62785.

PERSONAL

FAMILY (children 17 & 15) wish rent house or cottage August or September near river Southern half France. Box 4626

BED-SIT., N.W.11, cog. facs., to let free in return for sitting-in Young female teacher/student pref. who will help (paid) children's school hols. Mother part-time job. Write Box 4470.

OCCUPATION with pay for one month during summer reqd. by woman, 34. Expd. social worker, ex-Land Army, driver, typist. Anything considered. Box 4637.

WANTED South of France, within 5 miles sea, small furnished villa or flat, sleep 3, for month from June 12-July 9. Must be very reasonable. Box 4413.

BACHELOR, 32, shortly returning England, would like to hear from another with view to sharing apartment. Box 4404.

BACH. 50 wishes join ant. vis. European Music Festival June/Sep. Box 4612.

ENGLISH boy and girl, aged 14, 12, now living Vienna, would like spend month, possibly two, July/August, friendly family outside but near London; bathing, tennis. Children same age welc. Vienna 1956, exch. Mott, 17 Tor Court, Gloucester Walk, W.8.

PAYING Guests. If you are interested in having German visitors in your home for a few weeks or months, please write to: Marchant, 27 John Adam St., London, W.C.2.

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WANTED, Holiday acc. 2 wks. Aug., 2 adults, 2 children. Any coast. Box 4481.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE, TO LET, AND WANTED

CHISWICK, W.4. Freehold, vacant possession. Pleasant 2 storied house, converted two entirely self contained flats. Garden. £3,700 or near offer. Box 4204.

ENTRANCE floor flatlet, newly furnished and decorated. Fitted kitchenette (cooker, Ascot, etc.). All conveniences. 3 mins. Belsize Pk., 10 mins. Swiss Cottage. Suit professional man or woman. Highest refs. given and expected. Box 4554.

QUIET posn. on Blackheath S.E.3. Excep. attrac. well-furn. and commodious s.c. flat, 3 rms., planned kit., bathrm., maintained gdn. Garage. GRE. 2136 Sat. or Box 4484.

PROF. man offered charming 2-room flat, kitchenette, c.h.w., garden. Continental meals optl. Moderate. Box 4536.

HAMPSTEAD, furn. flat, 3-4 rooms, k. and b., March-Sept.; suit summer visitors. Box 4634.

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SUFFOLK—9 miles inland from Aldeburgh—small furnished house to let for 6 or 12 months. 3 dble. bedrms., large sitting- and dining-rms.; all modern facilities, inc. Aga. Garages 2 cars. Small garden. Unique site. Buses Framlingham, Saxmundham, etc., from door. Mod. rent, tenant taking care rather special furniture, etc. Box 4403.

SNOWDONIA. Cottage for six near Llanberis. Electricity, garage, indoor sanitation. March-June, 4 6gns. week. June-September 7 9gns. week. Box 4498.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro (4 mins. sea): furn. cottage, all amenities, mains. Now booking for Easter & summer. Box 5689.

LOCH Sunart, Ardnamurchan, 5-rm. hol. cottage. Calor gas. Elsan. From 3½gns. p.w. Not after July 8. Thompson, Beech Bank, Pool-in-Wharfedale, Yorks.

UNIVERSITY couple, about to marry, hopefully sk. 2/3 rm. unfurn. flat, Hampstead-Highgate, mod. rent. Box 4565.

FURNISHED flat required, Hampstead/Highgate, March 1, 2 rooms, kit., bathroom or share. Married couple, no children. Johnson, 1 Strathmore Gdns., W.8.

UNFURN. s.c. small flat required by lady. F. & F. limit £300. Box 4638.

PROF. couple wishes rent unfurn. 3/4-rm. house/cottage/flat on Metro line Amersham-Aylesbury. End March. Box 4611.

ACTRESS and actor-husband seek s/c. unfurnished flat, London, from owner sympathique but businesslike. Low rental. Will buy f. & l. Suggestions? Box 4235.

UNF. s.c. flat-house/cottage wanted. London rad. 20m. £150 under. Box 4533.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

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MULLION, South Cornwall. Mount Bay Hotel offers every comfort. H. & C. and spring int. mattresses. Cocktail lounge (Club Licence). Open all the year. Resident Proprietors Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses: The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 1d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Parties conferences welc. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

THERE'S only one way to rest. Get away from home and the odd "jobs." Have breakfast in bed. Good food and deep sleep, fresh air at Kathleen Batten's hotel, Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, Sharpthorne 17.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comforts. Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction; cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8gns. Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 4s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

SIMPLE Cotsy. Guest Hse. Lovely Cotswold Valley. Own produce. 5½-7gns. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

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MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. The place for a happy holiday. 40 minutes' bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden. Swimming bath and tennis court nearby. Lovely spring flowers, excellent cooking. April, May, June, Sept., Oct. Austr. Sch. 50.-, July, Aug. Sch. 55.- per day. Service 10%, local tax Sch. 80.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford. E.15. MAR. 5975. Tues.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. (Sun. Club 7.45.) "The Other Animals" by Ewan MacColl.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "The Springtime of Others," a delightful comedy from French of Jean-Jacques Bernard. Opens tonight Fri. Feb. 18. Also Sat. 19, Sun. 20 (mems. only). Thurs. 24, Fri. 25, Sat. 26 at 7.30. Book CAN. 3475 (9-6) or CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St., Sts., 5/-8. "The Ghostwriters." Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "After the Show." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. 7.30, ex. M. Th 2.30. S. 5, 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River." Fris. & Sats. 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

SZYMANOWSKI. King Roger. Intro. by Stanford Robinson. Illus. by Joyce Gartside, Roland Jones, Redvers Llewellyn, Bryan Balkwill. Sun., Mar. 6, 8 p.m. Bizet. Don Procopio. Intro. by Marcus Dods. Mar. 20. Parties. Hon. Secretary, Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

WIESBADEN Amateur Dramatic Society in Georg Kaiser's 5-act play "Die Spieldose" (in German): Fri. and Sat., Feb. 18 and 19, 7.30, at Theatre, Univ. College (main entrance), Gower St., W.C.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. & 1s. 6d. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. TRA. 7231.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). Annual minimum membership 7s. 6d., students 2s. 6d. Music of Israel with songs, dances & Films on Friday, Feb. 25, 8 p.m., at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1 (nr. Goodge St. Tube Station). Jt. Mtg. with I.S.U. Adm. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Further mtgs. on music of Persia, India-Pakistan, Philippines & Vietnam. Inf. from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., London, N.3. (Tel.: FINchley 2934.)

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. ev. Sun. at 3 and 7. Seats: GUL. 7208.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Renoir Season. Until Feb. 20: "Les Bas-Fonds" (A). From Feb. 21: "The Southerner" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public. Sat., Feb. 19, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds in "Singin' in the Rain" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Feb. 20, 7.30: "Dupont-Balbes." (X). French.

JORIS Ivens' great new film "Song of the Rivers," made for World Federation of Trade Unions, with Robeson's voice, original score by Shostakovitch, filmed in five continents. Première—Palace Theatre, Cambridge Circus, W.1., Sunday, March 13, 7.30 p.m. Supporting films. Seats 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. and 7s. 6d. from the Education Committee, W.F.T.U. Publications, 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, W.C.2. (Cha. 4280) or at door. The story of how the world's peoples live, struggle and hope.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Fri., Feb. 25 at 8 and Sat., Feb. 26, at 7.15. Buster Keaton in "The General."

SENSATION for London: Grand Continental Fancy Dress Dance and Dance of the Nations: Wednesday, Feb. 23, 7.15. Carlton Rooms, 140 Maida Vale, W.9. (2 Bands). Adv. Tickets: students 4s., guests 5s., from: A.C.F.C. Office, Tel. HIL. 4054.

LONDON'S newest Rendezvous, 214 Piccadilly, W.1. Sunday, Feb. 20 from 7.30 p.m. Dancing to the Ernie Ward Trio. Adm. 5s. Yearly mem. 1s. (Sunday Club).

FANTASIA Club, 55 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Week-end Studio Dances to Sonny Drinkwater & his Music fr. 8. Mem. 3s. 6d. Guests 5s. Bar Rm. Memb. Appl. to Sec.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Feb. 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

I.C.A. Dancing to Don Simmons Jazz Quintet, Sat., February 19, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, February 20, Royal Festival Hall, 7.30. Suite, The Fairy Queen—Purcell; Fantasia Concertante—Michael Tippett; La Valse—Ravel; Three Nocturnes—Debussy. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Hermann Scherchen. 3s. 6d.-15s. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Scarlatti, J. C. Bach, Boccherini, Bach, Purcell. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., Feb. 26, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

WIGMORE Hall this Sun. afternoon, Feb. 20, at 3. Lieder Recital by Sylvia Fisher. Principal Soprano, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with Christopher Shaw, Pianoforte. Programme includes songs by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Duparc, Pizzetti. (Management Lies-Askonas.) 5s., 6s., 10s. 6d., at Hall, Wel. 2141 & Agents.

OCTET (Schubert) Divertimento No. 17 (Mozart). Boyd Neel Chamber Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. This Saturday, Feb. 19 at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With": Granada, Sutton, until February 27. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. From Feb. 23: 100 photographs of the Far East by Werner Bischof. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat until 1 p.m. Members free. Admission 1s.

BOOKS from Germany (GDR). Latest technical, scientific, medical works; natural science, sociology, art, literature & juvenile books. (Items can be reserved by visitors.) Collet's New Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily 11-6 ex. Suns. Feb. 4 to Mar. 2. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Earl Haig: "Drawings of a Chinese Journey, 1954" by Denis Mathews. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Feb. 26.

CONTEMPORARY Italian Art. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

AN EXHIBITION of International Furnishing Textiles will be held from Monday, February 21 to Saturday, March 12, on the Third Floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Countries represented will include: Britain, Ireland, America, Italy, Sweden, France, Germany and Siam.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Drawings by Josef Herman; Paintings & Theatre Designs by Kenneth Rowell.

100 Watercolours by Beric Young. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall East, S.W.1. Daily 10-5. 1s.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Paintings of Italy and Greece by Anthony Eyton. Monotypes & Drawings by Eli Montlake. Prints: the latest French Lithographs. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Exhibition of 90 Oil Paintings by Arthur Segal. February 16-March 12, daily 10-5 p.m., incl. Saturdays; closed Sundays.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings and Tapestries by Louis Le Brocquy.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Robert Hill. Watercolours by Preston Goddard. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until February 22.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Pictures by Ghika and Keith Vaughan. Sculpture by David Wynne. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Three Young Sculptors: Rosemary Young, Robert Clatworthy, Takis Vassilakis. Till March 4.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery, S.E.A. Pictures for Schools exhibition. Daily 11-6. Saturdays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Adm. free. Gallery, High Street, E.1, adjoins Aldgate East Station. Feb. 5-27.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Mobiles by Calder. 10-5.30, Sats., 10-1.

PAINTINGS by Patrick Heron. At Symon Quinn Gallery, Victoria Lane, Huddersfield.

EXHIBITION in Paris. The Free Painters group are holding an Exhibition in Paris for 3 weeks April 15-May 2. Excellent Gallery. Any painters interested please apply Margaret Jador, 149 Edgware Rd., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public Lect., Sun., 8 p.m. Feb. 20: "Waves of Spirituality."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"FORMOSA and World Peace." Barbara Castle, M.P., Arnold Hardy (Foundry Workers), Ben Parkin, M.P., Charles Royle, M.P.—Chair: Harold Davies, M.P. 7.30 March 2, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd. N.W.1. Adm. free. Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Council for Civil Liberties 21st Anniversary of Foundation Feb. 21. Reunion Charing X Hotel, 8 p.m. (tickets 5s. incl. refreshments from 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2). Preceded by Thanksgiving Service, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 7 p.m. Rev. A. D. Belden, D.D.; Rev. K. J. M. Boggis, Rev. L. A. D. Woodland.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Feb. 22, 8.15 p.m. First of two lectures, "The Voice of the Pioneers." Meetings with Edvard Munch, James Ensor, Oskar Kokoschka, Brancusi, Calder and Miro by Dr. J. P. Hodin. Chairman: H. Ruhemann. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Thurs., Feb. 24, 8.15 p.m. Illus. Lecture Series "Post War American Movies," by Carl Foreman. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Details of reduced terms for whole course available on application to the office. Mems. 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Fri., Feb. 25, 8.15 p.m., Werner Bischof: Projection of 120 coloured photographs of the Far East. Mems. 1s., guests 2s.

THE Bishop of Johannesburg (The Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reeves) speaks on "Justice in South Africa" at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, February 21, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., unreserved 1s., from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4 (CIT. 6869), or from the Hall. Meeting arranged by Christian Action and the African Bureau.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 22: Rev. Claud M. Coltman, M.A., B.Litt., "Cyprus: Its People and Problems." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Feb. 18: Mrs. K. G. Daniels, "Setting a Standard." Friday, Feb. 25: J. Addison: "What is the Value of History?" Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Feb. 20. Lord Chorley, M.A., J.P., "The Population Problem." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

"SHAW, Toynbee, Russell, and the Far East," Victor Purcell (author "Malaya: Communist or Free?"), N.B.L., 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Fri., Feb. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems., 2s. 6d. (1s. 6d. in adv. only from Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.)

"BELIEF and Action in Education." C. Birchenough, M.A., F.C.P., giving Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, on Tuesdays; Feb. 22 and Mar. 22 at 6.30. Adm. free.

SOVIET Law: Work of Procurator-General's Office. D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Chair: Lord Chorley. Tues., Feb. 23, 7 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Arr. by Anglo-Soviet Law Association, Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. members 1s.)

DR. M. Macdonald-Bayne (world-renowned author, healer, teacher and counsellor who lived with the Masters beyond the Himalayas) will give two lectures in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, at 7.45 p.m. (doors open at 7 p.m.), on Monday, February 21, on "The Higher Power You Can Use"; and on Tuesday, February 22, on "Divine Healing of Mind and Body." Chair: Dr. Evelyn M. Fleet (President, Truth Forum). Ad. 2s. 6d.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The World of To-morrow: Electronics—the Miracle of the Automatic Brain," by S. L. H. Clarke, B.A., Sun., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., 83, Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

CHANGE of programme: Films and Television Lecture Series. Montage Slater on "Writing for Films," Mon. next, Feb. 21. Peter Ustinov on Feb. 28 instead of as announced. Tickets at door 2s. Begin 7.30. Beveridge Hall, Senate House, Malet St. Auspices London University Extra-Mural Dept. and British Film Institute.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WELCOME Home Reception from A-Art Visit to Mr. & Mrs. D. N. Pritt, Saturday, Feb. 26, 7.30 p.m. Indian Students' Union, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Arranged by National Assembly of Women.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Roy Jenkins on "Obscenity and the Law," 7.30, Wed., Feb. 23, at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

I.L.P. Forum. F. Bailey (Brit. Guiana) will open discussion on "Colonial Immigration." Sunday, Feb. 20, 7.30, at Montague Hotel, Montague St. (nr. Russell Sq.), W.C.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Why There Won't Be a Third World War," by Shaw Desmond, Wed., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discn. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

HUNGARY: a talk about Education by E. M. & M. W. Elliott, also 3 new Colour Films, at British-Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Sun. Feb. 20, 7.30. Adm. mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain: "The Search for Happiness," James Hemming, B.A., Thurs., Feb. 24, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The New Theology." "The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., February 20, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

RACIAL Unity: Univ. Extension Lectures: alternate Mondays, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m., Feb. 21: John Hatch, B.A. "The Colour Problem in Central Africa." Members free, sub. 5s.

THE Linguists Club, Priddy Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. February 25 at 6 p.m. M. Roger Devic: "Le vin et la façon de le boire."

LONDON Natural Health Society. 7.29 p.m. 3rd Mon. each month: Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. Feb. 21: Edgar J. Saxon, "Down to Earth." Admission free.

THE Strike at the Vorkuta Slave-Camp. Eye-witness account by Brigitte Gerland. 7.30, Mon., Feb. 21, at National Council of Women, 36 Lower Sloane St., S.W.1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7879. Open every Fri., 6.30-8 p.m. Russian conversation and dramatic group. Feb. 18, 8 p.m. Prof. Unbegaun: "Russian Surnames." Feb. 25, Oda Slobodskaya, Recital of Russian Songs (Glinka, Mussorgsky, Prokofieff, Kabalevsky, Khatchaturian); programmes 2s. 6d., sold in advance.

ANGLO-German Association: Werner Bergengruen, the well-known German poet and writer will give a talk and reading from his works (in German), at 6.30 p.m., Thursday, February 24, at Livingstone Hall, Broadway, S.W.1. Admission 1s. 6d.

DR. P. Senft: "Psycho-Drama a new Therapy." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 78a Finchley Rd. nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., Feb. 20 at 7.15.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Feb. 20, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse, Ian Dixon, "Youth Looks at Religion."

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wednesday, February 23, 6.30 p.m. "The Essentials of Buddhism." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15. Fri., Feb. 25, Prof. Bloomfield: "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

PERSONALIST Group. Has Socialism a Future? Discussion of Mr. Cole's article. J. B. Coates, Paul Derrick and Hans Jaeger. Conway Hall, Mon., Feb. 21, 7.30.

TELEPATHY, Clairvoyance, etc. Training and research groups now being organised by Assoc. for Psychical Research. Details: Secretary, 8 Lowfield Rd., W.2.

PRACTICAL Mysticism — Lunch Hour Talks every Friday, 1.10 p.m., Victoria House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. February 18, Meditation; February 25, Conscious Living. Admission free. Arranged by Shanti Sadan.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures on (i) "Mobility of agricultural over-population" and (ii) "The four land reforms in Croatia (1755-1953)" will be given by Professor R. Bicanic (Zagreb), at 5 p.m., on March 1 and 3 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Week-end School March 4-6, "The Muslim World," at Hastings. Visitors welc. For details please write Miss Stratford-Lawrence, 1 Lucerna House, 352 Hornsey Rd., N.7.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards): London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 263
More Classified Adverts. on Pages 261, 262, 263

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